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CONTENTS

	PAGE
COMMENTS	745
NEUTRAL SYMPATHIES	748
GERMAN MILITARY POLICY	749
IRELAND'S DILEMMA	750
CRITICISM IN WAR-TIME	751
THE PLIGHT OF THE FREE LANCE	753
RUSSIAN CONTRIBUTIONS TO SCIENCE	755
CORRESPONDENCE: From Sir H. H. Johnston, Elie Halévy, "Admiral," J. Theodore Dodd, and Archibald Lee	756
WILLIAM MORRIS. By Clive Bell	757
RICH DAYS. By W. H. Davies	759
SOME JEWS. By Pierre Chavannes	759
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By Solomon Eagle	761
NEW NOVELS. By Gerald Gould	762
REVIEWS: Cambridge Philosophy	763
Books of the Coming Season	764
SHORTER NOTICES	765
THE CITY. By Emil Davies	765

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THE third week of the Battle of the Aisne has passed. At the time of writing we are still without definite news as to any general result, but the grounds for confidence seem to be substantial. We know that in Paris, during the week, there has been something more than confidence, and that both there and in London, in quarters which should be well informed, an early retirement of the whole German line is anticipated. It is hardly necessary to say that these anticipations may be disappointed, but the situation as revealed by the French bulletins, which have been particularly detailed this week, is satisfactory on both wings, the occupation of St. Mihiel on the Meuse which aroused some apprehension last week-end having resulted in a distinct strategic gain to the French. It is certain, at all events, that the official statements, French and English, are not now erring on the side of excessive optimism. We shall hear nothing of a successful movement until its full results have been achieved. Meanwhile the Germans seem to have undertaken at last a regular investment of Antwerp. Siege guns have been brought up, and the outer line of forts has been steadily bombarded. We need not conclude, however, that the Germans have any serious intentions or expectations in this direction. They are probably attacking the city not in hope of taking it, but as the best means of guarding against a sortie in force at an inconvenient moment. The strength not only of the fortifications, but of the now seasoned and rested army within them is such that it is impossible to believe that enough troops can be spared from France just now to make the assault dangerous.

A very serious question has arisen owing to the recent action of the British Government in placing iron ore on the list of contraband goods. Iron ore is one of Sweden's chief exports, and the decision is very deeply resented in that country. There is no doubt that we have put ourselves in the wrong. On August 20th, by Royal Proclamation, we adopted the Declaration of London (with certain modifications), and undertook to act according to its provisions during the present war. Article 28 of the Declaration provides that metallic ores cannot be declared contraband, and this article was not one of those which were excepted or modified in the Proclamation. No doubt there has been a blunder. It is not likely that the Government intended to tie its hands in this matter, or was even conscious that it had done so. Moreover, the Proclamation is not a contract, and carries with it no legal obligation. But the blunder having been made, we are sure that public opinion in this country will be unanimously in favour of our standing by the Declaration and withdrawing the embargo which has been placed on iron ore. We hope, therefore, that the Government will act in this sense with the least possible delay.

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In reply to reiterated assertions by the German Government—repeated, by the way, in the Appeal of the German Theologians—that they only violated Belgian neutrality after and because the French had already done so, the Belgian Government has issued a categorical statement that when the advance guards of the German army crossed their frontier, there was not a single French or British soldier on Belgian soil. But on this point we surely have evidence more convincing even than the assurances of our ally. In the first place, we had the Imperial Chancellor's admission—in itself a

quite honourable admission—in the Reichstag on August 4th that Germany was "committing a wrong" in entering Belgium; if French troops had already been allowed to enter, there would clearly have been nothing "wrong" in Germany's action. Now we have the assertion of the German Foreign Secretary, Herr von Jagow, that "on August 1st Sir Edward Grey refused to promise England's neutrality if Germany respected that of Belgium." This, of course, is intended to show that England is not really fighting on Belgium's account. What it does show—if only by accident—is that according to the German Foreign Secretary's own account, Germany not only intended to invade Belgium, but treated her intention of doing so as a diplomatic asset which she was prepared to bargain away. There is certainly not much subtlety about modern German diplomacy. Bismarck knew very well how to construct a plausible story, but the present German Foreign Office is not even careful to make its explanations and assurances fit one another. This is, perhaps, evidence of a natural incompetence in the arts of deceit that is not altogether discreditable; but, on the other hand, it may be merely attributable to a supreme contempt for the non-German intelligence.

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The situation in Italy seems to be becoming more critical. Opinion is apparently hardening in favour of the abandonment of neutrality, and it is believed by many well-informed people that it is now only a question of how long the Italian Government can continue to resist the popular demand for active measures against Austria. A correspondent in Milan writes: "Demonstrations in favour of war take place daily throughout the country in direct contravention of the Government's orders. It is impossible to put a stop to them. In the Galleria Vittorio Emanuele, the most-frequented centre in Milan, a demonstration was held last night at which the Austrian flag was burnt and trampled under foot. The police interfered, and many people were arrested. Order was restored amid frantic cheering when the band of the Café Biffi struck up Garibaldi's hymn. More serious demonstrations have occurred at Rome and Venice. Every night in Rome there is a disturbance. . . . At Venice the disturbances seem to have been particularly serious, as the Censorship has forbidden their description in the Press. It seems, however, that the windows of the Austrian Consulate were broken and that an enormous Austrian flag was laid out on the Piazza of St. Mark for the people to dance upon. Other important demonstrations have occurred at Pisa, Florence, Bologna, and Palermo."

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The present Italian Foreign Minister, the Marquis di San Giuliano, has associated himself too strongly with the policy of the Triple Alliance for it to be possible for him to be the instrument of its repudiation. But, according to our correspondent, his resignation may be expected very shortly, and will indicate that the Government—which, as a whole, is not out of sympathy with the popular sentiment—intends to make a step in advance towards the abandonment of neutrality. "The resignation will come as a welcome relief to public opinion, which has been clamouring for it *crescendo* during the last few days. Another symptom that is becoming more and more marked is the intense sympathy existing at present in Italy with the people of Roumania. The two Latin nations have everything in common just now, and if no actual understanding has been reached between the two Governments, it is quite certain that Roumania intends to follow Italy's lead, whatever she may decide. Italy, therefore, has the power to throw into the scales on the side of the Entente not only her own army, but 500,000 extremely well trained and equipped Roumanian troops. By the end of this month the Italian forces will be completely prepared for any eventualities, and the country will then be able to face the war with confidence. The rupture is likely to come in the first half of October."

* * *

On Monday Sir Edward Carson and Mr. Bonar Law addressed gatherings of Orangemen in Belfast. Sir Edward Carson declared that the Provisional Government would be formed the moment the war was over, and would pass an Act repealing the Home Rule Act as far as Ulster was concerned. He went on to say what he "proposed to enact in the same Act." Mr. Bonar Law, not to be outdone, promised Ulster the support of the Unionist Party in any appeal to force which the Provisional Government might consider necessary, and added that this pledge would not be affected even if the electors were consulted and declared against Ulster. We had hoped that the war had put an end to this kind of extravagance, but apparently it has not done so yet. We dare to predict, however, that when the war is over the country will be in no mood to extend to the new Anarchist-Unionism even that degree of toleration which it has hitherto enjoyed. Even now we are sure that if the Unionist Party were consulted, all but a very small section of it would repudiate Mr. Bonar Law's pledge with considerable emphasis.

* * *

There is nothing in the industrial situation to justify an assumption that things are going to get seriously worse, but the outlook is not improving as regards the extent of unemployment and under-employment. The Government are clearly anxious that public alarm should be allayed, but it is possible to discern, even from the official revelations, some pretty grave features. The black spots are the whole cotton industry in Lancashire, Cheshire, and Derbyshire; Hull and certain other East Coast ports; and four or five of the Metropolitan Boroughs, in which the collapse of all sections of the furniture industry, of pianoforte making, and of the (civilian) clothing and dress trades has already created widespread distress. Certain confidential statistical enquiries on a large scale are said to support the inference to be drawn from the figures published by the Board of Trade that at least 10 per cent. of the fifteen million wage-earners in the United Kingdom are not at work at all, whilst quite as large a proportion are on short time. But out of more than a million men whose services the employers have thus temporarily dispensed

XUM

with, some nine hundred thousand are being clothed, or are going to be clothed, in khaki, and given Government pay. Thus, the actual unemployment among men is, except in the aforesaid black patches, only sporadic and scarcely more than we are accustomed to. Very different is the situation of the women wage-earners. Of these apparently half a million are now unemployed, and twice as many are working only short time. Though the industrial situation is considerably better than would have been predicted for the end of the second month of a world war, it is, in fact, worse than it has been at any time during the past quarter of a century.

* * *

About the activities of the Local Representative Committees, there is nothing much that is good to report. Few of them have managed to get their Local Authorities to augment the public wage-bills in order to maintain the total volume of employment. Few of them have, like Birkenhead, actually started Women's Training Centres, though the Central Committee for Women's Employment has a few hundreds of women at work in London. Hardly anywhere have they induced the Health Committee to take seriously in hand the provision for nursing mothers and infants. What they are doing, nearly everywhere, is to clamour for cheques from the Prince of Wales's Fund to give away in doles (nearly a hundred such cheques have been issued); and to quarrel over the scale of maximum relief. These scales vary from five shillings a week, which is all that Southampton proposes to give to the largest and most necessitous family group, up to nearly forty shillings per week, reported to be the total income up to which one of the London Boroughs will subsidise the resources of an extensive family. The Government does not seem to have so far given any guidance as to the way in which the Mayor is to use the cheque which he receives in response to his importunities. In the absence of a clear and decided policy, authoritatively prescribed, it looks as if we were in for a disastrous scramble for doles —mostly inadequate.

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The only encouraging news regarding the war against distress comes from the Local Government Board. Mr. Samuel is to be congratulated in pressing on with his policy of encouraging Local Authorities to spend money on public works, notwithstanding all the cold water of the Treasury. The Board, it appears, has sanctioned during the past few weeks local loans to the amount of £3,500,000, as compared with £1,900,000 sanctioned in the same period last year. The Road Board also has arranged to make grants amounting to £450,000 towards works of road construction and reconstruction, and certain large schemes, including the new Western approach road to London, are to be expedited. The Development Commissioners, we are told, have under consideration schemes relating to the construction of light railways and the improvement of river navigation. It must not be supposed, however, that these activities will have any immediate beneficial effect on the labour market. There is apt to be a big gap—maybe amounting to months—between the sanctioning of a loan and the actual commencement of work. In the meantime Local Authorities should be pressed to do all in their power to increase employment upon works which they already have in hand, or which can be begun at once.

* * *

The shortage in our supplies of sugar and the efforts of the Government to prevent a sugar famine—they are understood to have actually purchased already about 500,000 tons—give an altogether new force to the movement, which has been going on for many years, for the establishment of the beet-sugar industry in this country. Our annual consumption of sugar is about 2,000,000 tons, of which 1,300,000 tons come from Germany and Austria; in other words, two-thirds of our normal supply is now cut off. The question is therefore urgent. The great beet-sugar industry of Europe came into existence just over a century ago as one of the results of the Napoleonic wars. Napoleon's "Continental system" and the British command of the seas deprived practically the whole of Europe of its supplies of cane sugar from the tropics, and so led to the extensive State-aided cultivation of the beet. We are now more or less in the position in which the other countries were then, and, as Mr. Robertson Scott points out in a very interesting article in the current issue of the *Nineteenth Century*, it is a golden opportunity for the establishment of an industry which, besides giving us a home supply of an indispensable article of food, would be of great indirect benefit to our agriculture.

* * *

It is not a question that has hitherto escaped the attention of the authorities. On the contrary, a great deal of consideration has been given to it, especially of late years. Mr. Lloyd George has declared in the House of Commons that he looked forward to the building up of an industry "equal to anything that has been done on the Continent"; and a grant of £11,000 was actually made last year in respect of the experimental factory established at Cantley, in Norfolk. But very little has yet been achieved, and even that has no guarantee of permanence. The great difficulty is that the farmer will not grow beets until he is assured of a steady demand and a fair price, and that the promoters of factories will not risk their money—a modern beet-sugar factory costs about £200,000—until they are assured of a supply of raw material. Mr. Robertson Scott's proposal is that the Government should cut the knot by commencing immediately to build two factories in England and one in Ireland, and at the same time appealing to farmers to prepare to supply beets as a matter of urgent public necessity. It is certainly a unique opportunity for such an appeal, and if it is not taken it will amount to a confession that the Government have given up all hope of creating a British sugar industry. The conjunction of high prices, practically ensuring financial success, with the present general readiness amongst all classes, farmers we hope included, to break new ground is never likely to recur. But a decision must be taken this month if the soil destined for the beet crop is to be given the right preliminary treatment.

NEUTRAL SYMPATHIES

THE opinions and sympathies which prevail in neutral countries provide in a war like the present the nearest approach to a jury's verdict on the quarrel between the belligerents. Of course, they are coloured in many cases by the special interests or prejudices of the neutral country concerned, and in all instances by the nature of its news supply. The last factor operates almost solely in favour of Germany, who has spent on it an amount of systematised energy and money which her less thoroughgoing rivals have only just begun to realise. The chief neutral countries—Holland, Scandinavia, Switzerland, Italy and the United States—have ever since the beginning of the war been flooded with free telegrams, free newspapers, pamphlets, and personal letters from German sources; and the effect of these has been much heightened by the egregious British Cable Censorship, which has seriously lessened the supply of British news to neutral countries and persistently inflicted on their newspapers and journalists an incredible number of senseless and graceless vexations.

In spite of the handicap, neutral opinion is in all but two countries decidedly on the side of the Allies. The exceptions are Turkey and Sweden. Turkey hardly counts, because she has no public opinion in the Western sense; her Press, like her administration, is despotically controlled by the Young Turk or Germanophile camarilla. Sweden has for over two centuries regarded Russia as her natural and historical enemy; and the Swedish land-owing aristocracy has many personal and class affinities with Junkerdom (Pomerania belonged to Sweden in the seventeenth century). But this aristocracy will not succeed in driving Sweden into the war; and the opinion of Swedish Liberals and Socialists is quite the other way. With these exceptions the Allies can look round the world and find that, while no neutral Government thinks of attacking them, no neutral people withholds its sympathy. The unanimity, we think, cannot be explained by any accidental convergence of different national interests. If it were, it would be primarily an affair of the Governments, whereas it is in fact much more an affair of the peoples. This appears strikingly in such interested cases as Italy and Roumania. The statesmen of these countries have obvious difficulty in deciding in which direction to seek their national advantage. Those of Rome are thinking of Tunis as well as of the Adriatic; those of Bucharest, of Bessarabia as well as of Transylvania. And the personal biases of the Marquis di San Giuliano and King Carol have alike been strongly pro-German. What has nevertheless compelled both countries to withhold aid from Germany and Austria, and may even draw both into war on the side of the Allies, is the irresistible current of popular opinion.

For this opinion, which seems to have much the same preponderance in such different countries as Spain, Holland, and the United States, and which in the case of the last is purely disinterested, the main explanation is simply the "might is right" attitude of the two Germanic Governments. Mankind have not reached the twentieth century without realising that flat treaty-breaking and naked aggression, when committed by the strongest of military Powers, need some better justification than "necessity." The attack on Belgium, in particular, threatens in principle not only the sanctity of every treaty, but the security of every neutral State. A more totally unoffending neutralisation than Belgium was could not exist; and yet from the moment of Germany's unprovoked ultimatum nothing could possibly save her (not even if she had herself broken faith and yielded to the threat) from becoming the miserable cockpit of a devastating war. Well may Mr. Roosevelt remind the American people that if Belgian territory was a strategical position in neutral hands, the Danish islands in the West Indies are the same, and that if the one could be seized against France and Britain, the other could be against the United States. But the alarm of the neutral countries at the aggression upon one of their number has been heightened by the way in which Germany has made war. It is not merely that American humanitarianism has been shocked, or that the Dutch recall Alva and remember their kinship of race, language and history with the victims; rather it is that here again the ruthless tearing up of The Hague Convention, the "scrap of paper" attitude towards incontestable pledges, threatens the very foundations of all that before constituted international justice. Thus it has come about that between peoples of the most different tongues and traditions, most of whom have never seen the British White Paper or the Russian Orange Book, and have not even had the purport of these historic documents digested for them by their Press, there is, nevertheless, a consensus of civilised feeling against Germany such as the world has seldom, if ever, experienced before. There was never any such world-wide sentiment against Napoleon; and even in cases like Abdul Hamid's it was less significant, so much cheaper and more verbal was its expression.

This neutral verdict deserves to be pondered even among ourselves. Some of us are almost in danger of being blinded by our own effort after a purged and rarefied vision. We have told ourselves so often that there are two sides to every question, have reserved so dutifully our keenest criticism for our own Foreign Office, have cultivated so assiduously the practice of giving Germany the benefit of the doubts as they arise, that when we are suddenly faced by a harsh indubitable fact like the crime against Belgium, a fact devoid of all subtle features but stupendous in its stark enormity, we are in danger of actually playing traitor to the causes of democracy and progress, and overlooking the duty of righteous action in our anxiety to make every generous allowance for our nation's adversaries. Our ears are jaded beforehand with phrases like a "holy crusade" or a "war against war"; we say, wearily, that all wars have been called by these names, and think to show ourselves both clever and useful by rehearsing the long catalogue of mankind's disillusionments. And yet the neutrals, the lookers-on who proverbially see most of the game, do not echo these Hamletesque doubts. Without hesitating they have decided which combatant is fighting the battle of civilisation. Probably no important international part which Great Britain has ever played has evoked such a chorus of approval from civilised

mankind (outside the immediate ranks of her enemies) as her part during the past ten weeks has done. After all, neither the sanctity of treaties nor the liberty of small nations are phrases merely. It is not easy to dispute that both of them are at stake in the war, and that if Great Britain fails, or if she had declined to act, both might be injured irreparably.

GERMAN MILITARY POLICY

PARIS: *Thursday, September 24th.*

IN the last seven weeks thousands of lives have been lost, almost as many as the increase in the French population in two years, yet the bombardment and reported destruction of Rheims Cathedral has stirred public feeling in Paris as it has not been stirred by anything that has occurred since the beginning of the war. The reason probably is that it is believed that this is an act of wilful and stupid destruction, due to the rage of the Germans at being checked. It is certainly true that the Germans had already bombarded Rheims early in the present month and that on that occasion the cathedral had been carefully avoided by their gunners. Not a shell touched it. The German general said that instructions had been given that it should not be fired upon. There was all the more reason this time to spare the cathedral, since it was flying the Red Cross flag, being, in fact, used as a shelter for a number of wounded German prisoners. The German official explanation admits that the Red Cross flag was seen on the cathedral on September 20th, but asserts that there was a French observation station on one of the towers, from which the fire of the French artillery was directed. If this were so, the Germans could not, of course, be blamed for trying to destroy the observation station and the French military authorities who so used the cathedral would be primarily responsible for the damage done to it. The evidence in my possession does not allow me to declare positively that the German official statement is true nor that it is untrue. But trustworthy persons who are in a position to know the facts assert that there was an observation station on the cathedral, and some of them add that there was also a mitrailleuse for firing at German aeroplanes. There is certainly a curious silence in the French Press on this point. All that the *Temps* said last night, when it published the German official statement, was: "Ces dépêches tendancieuses ne sont que des plaidoiries en faveur d'une mauvaise cause"; that is all very well, but it is far from being a categorical denial. Nor has the Government yet published any denial: the Press expected one this afternoon, when the official communication was given, but it was disappointed.*

Since the German army retreated it has been possible to visit several places that were occupied by it, and I think that I have now a very clear idea of the German military policy. A distinction must be drawn between acts of the military authorities and outrages committed by soldiers on their own initiative, such as occur in every army. For crimes of the latter kind it would be absurd to hold the German nation responsible, but for the general military policy of its army it *is* collectively responsible. All the evidence, both in France and Belgium, goes to show that the policy consistently followed has been one which, although it has certain military advantages and would have been considered quite natural and proper a few centuries ago, is quite incompatible with Hague Conventions. So far as France is concerned, there is no trustworthy evidence that the German army has deliberately killed civilians or burned, wholly or partially, a town or village, unless civilians had committed hostile acts or the Germans believed them to have done so; but there is ample evidence that the German policy is to punish any hostile acts of individual civilians by ruthless and brutal reprisals against the whole community to which the individuals belong in order to strike terror into the civilian population elsewhere.

The case of Coulommiers is a good example of the way in which the Germans have usually behaved when the inhabitants took no hostile action. When they arrived at Coulommiers they arrested the Mayor, the Public Prosecutor and one or two other inhabitants as hostages, but released them after a few hours, after impressing on them that they would be held responsible for the good behaviour of the inhabitants. There were only a few hundred people left in the town; the great majority of its 7,000 inhabitants had evacuated it before the Germans arrived. From what I was told, the inhabitants who remained were not molested in any way except, of course, that supplies were commandeered; their houses were not damaged, nor was their property looted. On the other hand, the Germans broke open and ransacked all the houses that had been locked up and left by their inhabitants. A German lieutenant explained to an inhabitant that this was a policy adopted by order. "Our Emperor," he said, "has ordered us not to damage inhabited houses or molest their inhabitants, but to break open all houses that have been left by their inhabitants." Presumably the idea is that, if the inhabitants have gone away, the army cannot get supplies, therefore those inhabitants who have gone must be punished for their absence. The experience of the English Expeditionary Force is that this is the general policy of the German army.

An example of another kind is provided by Senlis, where the Germans seem to have repeated on a smaller scale their iniquities at Louvain—with even less excuse. I started for Senlis from the Gare du Nord soon after nine o'clock on a rather cold but bright September morning. Trains are all slow these days, and we reached Chantilly at about half-past ten. There I took a vehicle for the remaining six miles. The Germans had passed through Chantilly, but there was no sign of their visit; they called at the *château*, where they were received by the Curator, but they did no damage, and consented to sleep in the magnificent stables and other buildings and not to occupy the *château* itself. Chantilly had been evacuated by most of its inhabitants and there were only 300 or 400 left. The Germans requisitioned as usual, but in many cases they paid for what they took in paper acknowledgments, to which the tradesmen who received them do not seem to attach much value. Apparently only the *bureaux de tabacs* and the wine shops were ransacked—they never escape—but no wilful damage was done. I gathered that the troops who visited Chantilly were not the same as those who occupied Senlis. Of course, although there is a definite policy, its application depends very much on the individual officers.

The drive to Senlis was a delightful one; nobody would have imagined that war had been so near—there was not a sign of it. Everything was even more peaceful than usual, for the inhabitants of the district were only beginning to return. As we approached the town, I was glad to see that the cathedral tower stood up as usual against the sky, for report had said that it was destroyed. When we arrived, however, the evidence of war was only too plain. The sight was a terrible one. The long street which runs from one

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* *Postscript, September 27th.*—There is now no doubt at all that there was a post of observation on Rheims Cathedral, from which directions were given to the French artillery outside the town. No secret apparently was made of the fact at Rheims.

XUM

end of the town to the other and is called the rue de la République for part of its length and the rue du Faubourg St. Martin for the rest was on both sides an almost continuous line of ruins. Some buildings—notably a toy factory—had been reduced to ashes; more often the houses were completely gutted and only the outer walls were standing. A few houses had been spared, because they were required for officers or for some similar reason. Among them was the Hotel du Grand Cerf, the only hotel not destroyed; opposite to it was a large house belonging to the local *notaire*, M. Langlois, completely gutted, and all its contents, including family portraits and other objects of value, in ashes. The Sous-Préfecture was in the same state and, further on, in the Faubourg St. Martin, the barracks had been burned out. The saddest sights were the small houses belonging to working people, who have lost everything; one woman was leaning against the door-post of her ruined home weeping in silent despair. Another woman told me that her house had been spared by an officer who was quartered opposite, but that she had been robbed of almost everything, including her household linen and her husband's clothes. Possibly some military authority had artistic taste, for the only house of real artistic merit in the street was untouched and a chalk inscription in German, still visible, directed that it was not to be burned.

The rest of Senlis was a strange contrast, for it was uninjured except for a certain amount of damage, not at all serious, done here and there by the two-hours' bombardment before the Germans entered the town, a bombardment presumably justifiable, as the town was still occupied by French troops, who evacuated it before the German advance. Several shells fell on the cathedral, but the damage done was trifling. There seems to have been no looting outside the rue de la République. The Germans commandeered what they wanted in all the shops, on many of which were German inscriptions written in chalk to say that the owners were "güte Leute" and that nothing was to be taken without being paid for. I inquired of an ironmonger who had been so favoured and he said that the inscription was purely honorary; no German had paid him for anything.

The unhappy cause of the destruction in the rue de la République was the keeper of a café and *bureau de tabac* named Simon, who fired on the Germans as they marched along the street, wounding two men, one of them mortally. Another man also fired, and he and Simon were shot dead on the spot. The Germans then went to the Mairie, where they found the Mayor, M. Omont, whom they arrested. They had previously picked up five other hostages as they went along, the first five men that they happened to meet, all, I understand, workmen or quite small tradesmen. The six hostages, including the mayor, were taken to Chamant and there shot. The whole town would have been burned on account of a false report that shots had been fired from the cathedral tower had not the *curé* been able to convince the general that the report was untrue. He had had the keys of the tower in his pocket for four days and, as soon as the Germans arrived, he took a party of them up the tower and showed them that there was nobody there. It was, therefore, decided to burn only the principal street in which the shots had been fired at the troops. The inhabitants took refuge in the cellars and two of them are known to have been burned to death; there may have been one or two more victims. The railway station was also burned. I was told that the fire did not entirely wear itself out for three days.

Here then is a typical example of the German methods. Because a couple of men fired on them, they shoot six hostages, who had no responsibility for the act, and burn down the whole of the principal street of a town at the risk of killing more innocent people, including women and children. The mere narration of the fact excites indignation; when one has seen Senlis as it is, it is difficult to restrain one's feelings within rational limits. Can one wonder that people who were there at the same time as myself were cursing Germany and the Germans and calling for retaliation? It is only human. It needs reflection to convince one how much more reasonable is the attitude of Anatole France when, in his noble letter to the *Guerre Sociale* on the destruction of Rheims Cathedral, he says that we will not sully our victory with any crime and that, when it is won, we will admit the conquered enemy to our friendship. But it will remain true—as Anatole France says in the same letter—that the nation whose representatives have been guilty of such crimes has covered itself with lasting infamy.

R. E. D.

IRELAND'S DILEMMA

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT.]

I AM again writing of Ireland; but I feel, I protest, that our affairs have not the cosmic importance ascribed to them by the Conservative Party before the outbreak of European war. Throughout the sad month of August the effort of every Irish journalist was to reacquire his sense of proportion. It may now be proper, with due humility, to bring Ireland again before the notice of English readers, for in the decent interval that has elapsed a State has been born, though the infant, as Mr. George Russell says, was quickly hidden away—like Christ from His enemies.

How does Ireland feel about the war, and how does she feel about Home Rule? I had best tell what I have seen and heard. When the war began I was staying in a fishing village in a remote corner of the West of Ireland. The district contained a few Unionists of the landlord class, whose relations with the bulk of the inhabitants had been usually unpleasant. If any of these Unionists had been asked to guess what would be the attitude of Irish Nationalists in the event of a war between Great Britain and Germany, they would all have answered: "The Rebel's." Actually it happened that there was not a single man in the village who "wanted Germany to win." The attitude, I must say, was unheroic; it was a cupboard loyalty, and everyone asked: "*If Britain is bit, who pays the old-age pinsions?*" But the local Unionists were highly pleased, their fear of civil war vanished, and they counted on the indefinite postponement of Home Rule. The newspapers presently arrived from Dublin, and I found that dozens of Conservative magnates throughout Ireland were pressing their services on the National Volunteers in token of their recognition of the statesmanship of Mr. Redmond's famous speech before the outbreak of the war. According to the *Freeman's Journal*, all Nationalists endorsed Mr. Redmond's suggestion of a union of North and South for the "defence of the shores of Ireland."

By the time that I returned to Dublin Mr. Redmond's suggestion sounded perilously like nonsense. The Germans had been successful at Namur; the war seemed likely to be prolonged; and recruiting-sergeants showed that the only way of defending the "shores of Ireland" was to go to France. Should Irishmen join the Army?—a new problem had presented itself to the leaders of the Volunteers. The extreme Nationalists at once proclaimed Ireland's neutrality. "This is England's war," they wrote; "Ireland has no quarrel with Germany.

. . . Our only duty is to hate England like hell, and Johnny Redmond next. . . . Ireland must be as neutral as Holland or Switzerland. . . . If Irish youth is given to England, the whole of Ireland watching, praying, and finally triumphing will have become ineradicably pro-British." These were the views, more or less, of the weekly Press of Dublin and of a large minority on the Provisional Committee of Volunteers; but they were not those of Colonel Moore and of Captain White, or of the military organisers of the movement. "The country"—that is to say, the local politicians—waited for a lead from Mr. Redmond. His supporters, the large majority of Home Rulers, were undoubtedly in sympathy with the war, particularly when they heard of the sufferings of Catholic Belgium, and their position for a time was both difficult and undignified. One pictured them saying to Great Britain, as it were: "We want you to win; but we don't intend to help you." Had an accident happened to the Home Rule Bill, Mr. Redmond's credit would have been shattered, and, moreover, the extreme Nationalists would have been given occasion for conducting a powerful campaign against enlistment. Sir Edward Carson pointed the moral by representing that *his* followers had asked for no terms in a moment of national emergency. However, as soon as the Bill had safely reached the Statute Book Mr. Redmond, as was expected, issued a manifesto favouring the formation of an Irish Brigade for service abroad.

The situation previous to the application of the Parliament Act to the Irish measure was neatly summed up on a bare wall in a back street in Dublin. A Sinn Feiner had scrawled up the words: "Irishmen, don't Fight." Beneath in a different handwriting, that of a Redmondite, I read: "Till you get Home Rule." A third party, Unionist, had added the lapidary comment: "But even then you will only fight among yourselves." However, now that Mr. Redmond has definitely advised Nationalists to enlist, he is again in the good graces of the Southern Unionists. As to Home Rule, its enemies in Dublin feel that, though inscribed on the Statute Book, it may never come into being. They promise Mr. Redmond that in the event of Ireland behaving well during the war "domestic differences will lose much of their vigour and acuteness." Mr. Asquith said in his speech in Dublin that it was now incredible that one section of Irishmen should ever fight another. Personally, I doubt if any amount of Nationalist loyalty will stir the feelings of the Protestant Ulstermen in the slightest degree. Ulster may be glad that "civil war" has been put off, but its opinion of Roman Catholic government cannot alter. Mr. George Russell, in a remarkable article in last week's *Irish Homestead*, reminds us that the "infant State" "cannot, as children of kings once were, be proudly shown to the people. . . . Its enemies are unforgiving and its friends are distracted with mighty happenings in the world. Hardly do its friends know whether it will not be deformed if it survives." All Ireland may fight together on the fields of Europe; but this will have little effect on home relations between Irishmen of different religious views. I am far from prophesying that the end of the European war will be the signal for civil war in Ireland. Did not Mr. Asquith declare on September 15th that the employment of force for the coercion of Ulster had now become an absolutely unthinkable thing, and that, so far as he and his colleagues were concerned, it was a thing which they would never consider? In other words, Ulster, if she still wants exclusion at the end of the war, can have it. There is just the hope that she has never really wanted it.

After all the pother, it will be interesting to follow the fortunes of the recruiting-sergeants in Ireland. For the first time in history Nationalists may enter the British Army with the approval of their political leaders. The figures at the moment of writing are lower than those of England, Scotland, or Wales. But enthusiasts should be patient. Mr. Redmond is not all-powerful; he does not command the individual destinies of Irishmen. I hear of a village in Wicklow in which 70 per cent. of the able-bodied men have joined the colours. It had, however, peculiar traditions of its own. An instance is quoted of an estate the workers on which were given exceptional facilities for entering Kitchener's army. Every Protestant and not a single Catholic volunteered. It is not that the Protestants were "better men." They had other prejudices. Dublin, in spite of Mr. Larkin, will be fairly well represented at the front. The characteristic countrysides of Ireland are not likely to be deeply moved by War's appeal. Able-bodied young men are none too many upon the farms. The original members of the Volunteer Committee, who have barred up headquarters against Mr. Redmond's nominees and hung the green flag without a crown out of the window, will no doubt conduct a campaign against recruiting, but I do not anticipate that it will be a serious affair. These ideologists, "literary Nationalists" with Gaelic names, have little influence in the country, and their lack of military knowledge and of money will prevent their project of a new volunteer force which shall be independent of Mr. Redmond from having any serious success. The "split" at headquarters is not of a fatal character; but I think that the National Volunteers' organisation was already sick unto death. The fact is that Messrs. Redmond and Devlin, as practical politicians and constitutional leaders, have regarded the movement not as an instrument of policy but as a piece of stage play calculated to bluff English opinion. There is no future for the National Volunteers except as Territorials under the English War Office; this must be Mr. Redmond's opinion, since the Home Rule Act expressly forbids the Dublin Parliament to control an armed force. It is also Mr. Asquith's opinion. The ideologists who saw in their mind's eye an Irish House of Commons defended (illegally) against the internal and external foe by the romantic youth of Erin are naturally very angry. One more misconception concerning Ireland of this autumn I should remove: the Protestant sons of Ulster have made no extraordinary rush to enlist. But here I must stop, lest my readers say, with the old peasant woman, that the "Irish are the most displeasing people God ever made, except it be the ancient Jews."

CRITICISM IN WAR-TIME

CRITICS are an unpopular race at the best of times, and they never were more unpopular than at the present moment. Man is by nature a dictator: he wants not critics, but echoes and satellites. It must have taken centuries to bring him to admit the critic's right to live. Probably he would not admit it even now if it were not that he had learned by sad experience that killing critics is not the way to kill criticism. His first instinct, whether as an individual or as a member of a committee or as a citizen of a

nation, is to silence his critic in the most effective way possible. When he or his committee or his country is criticised, the thing has only to go on long enough to rouse him to the mood of Henry II. when, in his impatience with Becket, he cried: "Will no one rid me of this pestilent priest?" Intelligent men have ceased to believe in assassination, but it was symptomatic of the old hatred of criticism that at the very outset of the present war one of the greatest critics of modern times, Jean Jaurès, should have been shot by some madman as an enemy of the people. It is the destiny of men like Jaurès to win the hatred of despotisms, whether the despotism is a man, a party, or a mob. The critic, unless he is merely a happy amateur, is in as great danger at the hands of the democracy as of Cæsar. The French Revolution was as uneasy in the presence of critics as any emperor who ever lived. It named them traitors, and ordered them to the guillotine. In ancient Athens Socrates was sent to his death not by a tyrant, but by the votes of a great assembly at the request of people like leather-sellers. One finds the same general impatience of criticism in churches as in secular governments. The Spanish Inquisition was simply a ruthless attempt to suppress critics. The eviction of the Nonconformist ministers in the reign of Charles II. had the same object, and every solemn little heresy hunt in the history of the Scottish Presbyterians has been aimed at a critic's destruction. The martyrs may from this point of view be regarded as a long line of critics of materialism and other forms of stupidity in power. They made themselves nuisances to some organisation or other, and so they had to go. The Albigenses, the Waldenses, and all the rest of them perished in the great cause of free speech.

So much we may all admit. But we must not go too far. We must not give the critic a position of sacrosanctity. We must be careful of reserving our right to criticise the critic. Critics are not possessed of divine right any more than kings. There are some people who seem to believe that the man who criticises can do no wrong. They are centres of contention in every committee. They would regard themselves as having lost their independence if they found themselves in agreement with more than half a dozen people. They are suspicious on principle. They can work with no leader, because they can believe in none. They have less faith than Thomas. They love opposition for the sake of opposition till they get into power, after which they hate opposition worse than the devil. They are walking notes of interrogation—we might say more truly, walking notes of exclamation, signifying derision. They would walk with that air of sceptical derision along the golden boulevards of Heaven itself. Probably this kind of critic is more abundant in democracies which are just becoming articulate than anywhere else. He is the product of half-education which gives men enough intelligence to ask questions, but not enough to ask intelligent questions. He is not the spirit that denies so much as the spirit that interrupts. That is his form of egoism. He feels more pleased with himself for standing apart than other people would feel if they had half the world at their backs. We usually call him not a critic, but a crank, and we love him or hate him according to whether he is a nice crank or not.

When we plead, therefore, for the right of criticism during war-time, it is not because we wish to put the crank on a pedestal. It is because we believe that ultimately the critical spirit is a source of strength and not of weakness to a nation. Everyone who objects to criticism in time of war goes on the assumption that, if you say anything during a war to suggest that your side is a little lower than the angels, you are helping the enemy. Perhaps the best reply to that would be that the truth must be told even if it does help the enemy. Loyalty to truth is a finer thing even than loyalty to one's country. But is there any evidence in history that a country which permits freedom of criticism during a war fights any less efficiently than a country which suppresses criticism? We do not think there is. The Englishmen who helped the Boers most efficiently during the last war were not the pro-Boer critics of Mr. Chamberlain, but the jingo and other newspaper proprietors who published (in all innocence) useful information about the position of British troops. Similarly, in the War of American Independence it was an inefficient War Office, and not the fact that nearly every honest and intelligent Englishman was a violent critic of Lord North, that lost England the war. Naturally, Lord North and his fellow-ministers attempted to escape criticism on the plea that the critics were aiders and abettors of their country's enemies. But whom has posterity justified—North, or Chatham and Fox and Burke and Pitt? We heard it argued the other day, however, that the present is different from the American War in that England has now an enemy at her doors. People who use this argument forget that during the American War England was at war not only with America, but with France, Spain, and Holland; that Russia, Sweden, and Denmark were leagued together in armed neutrality to protect their shipping from the English fleet; and that Frederick the Great, if he was neutral, was anti-English. As a matter of fact, the people who are opposed to criticism now are the same people who have always been opposed to it. They are the people who rubbed their hands during the Boer War when Mr. Lloyd George had to fly for his life from the Birmingham City Hall, and who loudly applauded Mr. Balfour when, in answer to an appeal for the protection of the minority, he replied that after all there were limits to the endurance of human nature. In saying this we do not mean to compare the present war either to the American War or to the Boer War. We believe that it is both a just and a necessary war as far almost as that can be said of any war in history. Believing this, however, we are all the more concerned to preserve the freedom of speech of those who differ from us. But not theirs only. There are others besides the small section of people who regard the war as unjust and unnecessary whose right of criticism requires to be vindicated. There is a tendency among many people just now to try to silence as pro-Germans anyone who doubts that Russia is the Happy Land of the hymn-book, or who asks for evidence about any atrocity whatsoever reported as having been committed by the Germans, or who does not limit his speech almost entirely

to killing the Kaiser with his mouth. There are always some people who believe that in war-time what is called a united front should be preserved at all costs. Now, a united front is a good thing, but it can be bought at too great a price. When W. H. Russell exposed the condition of the Army at the time of the Crimea, he outraged all the devotees of the united front, one of whom, Colonel Rose (afterwards Lord Strathnairn), said to him: "There is no necessity to tell all the world about these unpleasant shortcomings. Things will soon come round, depend on it. And meantime you are doing no good." Manifestly the theory of the kind of people who were indignant with Russell for his criticisms is that you must trust the governing classes to the death and they will pull you through. Had he not had a paper of the semi-official standing of the *Times* at his back, one can imagine how a great part of the public as well as of the ruling classes would have set their faces against him. With the *Times* of Delane behind him, however, he was as powerful as a parliament. It is a matter of history that it was Russell's disclosures and criticisms that aroused public opinion and compelled the rescue of the Army from destruction and ruin. Yet the Press in general was all the while assuring its readers that everything was doing splendidly. In January, 1855, Russell wrote to Delane:

> The lies in the papers are astounding. In the *Observer* of December 31st it was coolly stated the Army had not been a day without fresh meat, and that huts were being rapidly put up, when news must have reached England long before that scurvy had appeared from the use of salt meat, and that rations even of that had been reduced on several occasions to halves and quarters.

No doubt many honest officials at the time looked upon Russell as a man who was acting against his country's interests. Be sure in the smoking-room they linked him with Bright and Cobden, who were then being burned in effigy by the mob as Russians and traitors. Was not every disclosure of Russell's, every speech of Bright's, an encouragement of the enemy? We may admit this, but what then? One may pay too big a price for keeping the enemy from being encouraged. The enemy were encouraged much less by Russell's terrible reports than they would have been had the Army not been rescued from the conditions which were making for its destruction. Similarly, we may doubt if Bright's speeches ultimately did the Russians any good on the battlefield. Englishmen, if they remember them at all nowadays, remember them with pride: it is the mobs who tried to prevent their being delivered that come in for all the contempt. Some instinct tells us that in the long run a nation gains in strength by the bold utterance of truth, however inopportune it may seem.

That is why we plead for the rights of the critic at the present moment. We may believe he is wrong-headed. We may believe that his speeches or writings delight the Germans more than *Simplicissimus*. None the less we cannot afford to silence him. If you silence criticism at time of war, you will strengthen the hands of those who would like to silence it at times of peace. National self-flattery and national self-criticism are the two alternatives, and of the two we are certain the latter is the more likely to lead to success either in peace or war. After all, the wise critic, like the doctor, only hurts in order to help. As for the foolish critic, his words are wind, and can do no harm except in so far as we allow ourselves to be enraged by them. Those who lash themselves into fury against foolish critics would do well to remember the behaviour of Pericles towards a contentious person who abused him:

> Once, after being reviled and ill-spoken of all day long in his own hearing by some vile and abandoned fellow in the open market place, where he was engaged in the despatch of some urgent affair, he continued his business in perfect silence, and in the evening returned home composedly, the man still dogging him at the heels, and pelting him all the way with abuse and foul language; and, stepping into his house, it being by this time dark, he ordered one of his servants to take a light and to go along with the man and see him safe home.

Nations can afford to take up an attitude of the same noble indifference even to the meanest-minded of their critics.

THE PLIGHT OF THE FREE LANCE

ALMOST as soon as the Kaiser brandished his naked sword in the eyes of Europe, the free lance, an interesting, unobtrusive figure in Fleet Street, passed from view. The free lance is an errant cavalry man (or woman) attached to the great army corps of the Press, the pen his weapon, fancy or hard-won fact, a sense of order, and some knowledge of newspapers his complete equipment. Sometimes he is no more than a clever searcher after the unfamiliar or unexpected, his object, in general terms, the discovery of the fashion in which the other half lives. More often he thrives by his hobby. A fine taste in literature, a trained and delicate ear, a quick eye for harmonies in colour and line, will make him a critic of books, music, art. He will stand between the masterpiece and the philistine and will promote the beginnings of appreciation. A ready response to the wonders of mechanism, coupled with some technical knowledge, will enable him to write about motor cars and aeroplanes, teaching the young idea to scorch or fly. In friendly competition with all who seek to supply an open market he can only hold his own by dint of hard work and punctual service, but the true journalistic instinct, coupled with expert knowledge, makes him valuable to a world at peace, while for the saving of his soul he labours in spare hours at the making of books that are stillborn or die in early days. He takes his life seriously.

A harmless Uhlan or Cossack, foraging far to help the well-organised forces of the newspaper office, his occupation presupposes normal times, and even then he knows more than most men the ups and downs of life. To earn a decent living he must be hardworking and alert, quick to grasp occasion, patient in disappointment, keeping even in the season of prosperity a watchful eye for the grey days ahead. Often he has strayed from the ranks of the learned professions, conscious that he lacks either the initiative or the influence that makes for success; more often he follows his erratic line because it enables him to live his own life, a life from which ambition has been eliminated. You may find him in rooms on the highest floor of some building in the Inns of Court, waited on by one of the dingy women who haunt that abode of learning, his possessions a collection of books and pipes; he is to be discovered in the congeries of half-forgotten streets round the British

XUM

Museum; he is not unknown to garden cities. Sometimes he goes farther afield and dwells in the heart of the country, believing, as Coleridge did before him, that knowledge of and sympathy with rural pursuits are one and the same thing. From a modern and modest example of a Sabine farm he will write with borrowed authority on all manner of countryside questions, his knowledge certified by those local experts whom he consults. But the free lance turned countryman is a comparatively rare figure; the most of his clan keep their rural ambitions within easy reach of Fleet Street. Some started the business of life in a newspaper office and have lost their billet; others, coming unknown into the Street of Adventure, have found in it a permanent place. They may be well fed, but they are kept on the chain.

Few outside the ranks know how many and varied are the sources through which a living is earned. It may depend in large part upon the contribution of paragraphs to the provincial press through the office of the London editor; it may rely upon the hunt for a good news story or upon working up the historical and biographical incidents that will help to heighten the interest of the event of the hour. Small permanent jobs may be discovered—the contribution of the weekly column or half-column, for example; if a man be absolutely reliable, he will soon oust his competitor who is brilliant but erratic. Gradually, after years of hard work, the more successful free lance may build up a position for himself, but it can never be secure. Ill-health, a change of editors or proprietors, even a change in their mood, and his occupation is gone. He has no Union, no society to preserve his interests; even the Institute of Journalists does not meet his case, for he is intolerant alike of rules and the sub-editorial point of view; he cares for nobody and nobody cares for him.

A special hobby may provide him with a part of his employment; he may have travelled in the halcyon days and studied foreign politics; he may have taken for his hobby economics, music, art, foreign literature, finance, chess, or some forms of sport. The ready pen and some gift of expression will enable him to turn any special knowledge to good account in normal times. There are a few men who can command a thousand a year—one free lance of the old days is now a peer and came near to holding Ministerial office—but an income of three or four hundred yearly is perhaps the usual reward, and it suffices the bachelor, who for eighteen hours out of the twenty-four may live in a world of his own creating.

To-day Fleet Street has disbanded its regiment of free lances; they are thrown aside as soldiers "broke in the wars." Several of the literary papers, so long their happy hunting ground, are in difficulties; the weeklies and dailies have cut down their pages to balance their reduced advertising revenue, and all the space that is not required to satisfy the modest needs of advertisers is given to the war correspondent and to the strengthening of the great ideal of carrying on as usual. People do not wish to read about literature or art or music: if they do, they must curb their desire. There are no general topics for discussion; war holds the field; the military and naval correspondents write daily, for even if they have nothing to say the public desires that they should say it. Magazines are using up old stock; reviews, always in a state of congestion, are less able than ever to consider suggestions. If the artist and the musician go hungry, what must they expect who write about art and music? If hunting, shooting and football are partially in abeyance, who can spare a thought for the men who earned a living by commenting upon pastime? The editor is sorry; the board of management may recognise that certain obscure and unknown men no longer claim small cheques; but, as the free lance himself would be quick to admit, his trouble touches none save himself and a stray dependent or two. The long hand of philanthropic endeavour has been stretched in his direction; the sometime proprietor of a famous group of newspapers, a suffrage association, and perhaps one other body are minded to help. It is extremely likely that he will decline gracefully. He does not wear his heart upon his sleeve and he has long known that his hold upon decent living was very slight. He made his choice and will abide by it. There are avenues leading to irregular employment, these he will explore; there are odd jobs for the illiterate, these he will perform. He may savour, not for the first time, the limited hospitality of Rowton House; he will sell to the bookseller who has so often taken his "review copies" some of the more treasured volumes; he will suffer in body and spirit and sell the story of his sufferings for a guinea if he can find a purchaser; and he will preserve his anonymity as aforetime. It is said that one great publishing house is buying freely still, though at starvation rates. There will be a few for whom the pressure of circumstances is too heavy; they will sink and their places will know them no more; but the best class of free lance, the man or woman with education and grit, will merely be badly "stung," as they say across the Atlantic, and will be found in the old place when the doors are flung open again and there is need of his work. Had the thunderbolt of war fallen from a stormy sky the free lance might have been prepared; as it is he will explain that in the last weeks of July he was at work and in the first week of August he was adrift. He gives no notice and receives none; it is his place to supply a want and when that want passes he goes with it. Unfortunately, thrift is among the virtues he has overlooked—the circumstances of the journalistic life do not favour it; he is ever looking forward to the good time that is coming or, intent upon the pursuit of life for life's sake, has regarded the saving of a part of scanty earnings as an uncalled-for sacrifice. There is a chance, too, that he may have a wife and a child or two, and in that case he will have found no means to save—the struggling professional man must needs buy his domestic joys in the highest market.

The bachelor might enlist perhaps, but few, save the youngest, free lances are fit to do so, and the most of these have gone to serve in some capacity. Many are over the age-limit, and for the rest it may be said that hard study, the reading of small print, and the absence of regular exercise have played havoc with their chances. Men of sedentary life cannot turn in the neighbourhood of middle age to serve their country in the field unless they started the season of manhood with training and have kept in touch with it since then. The crisis finds the free lance little able to help others or to help himself. One asset alone remains to him, his self-respect, and he will struggle to keep this from the all-powerful grasp of the philanthropist. He wants work. Many stories could be told of the few weeks that have passed since war broke out, but a sense of proportion forbids. When thousands are suffering or about to suffer, no section of the public would care to advance any special claim for sympathy.

Perhaps he will suffer more than most of the dispossessed because of his imagination—a valuable asset

when work is plentiful, a cruel handicap in bad times. All the buffets of Fleet Street have not availed to destroy a certain sensitiveness, and it is not well for a man to realise that nobody, in a little world for which he has striven conscientiously and to the best of a fair capacity, will wonder at his passing or trouble for his loss.

S. L. B.

RUSSIAN CONTRIBUTIONS TO SCIENCE

IF Japan has done more for bacteriology than for any other science, Russia has done more for chemistry, though Russian astronomy, in especial, is not to be underrated. Honoured alike in science and art is the name of Alexander Borodin (1834–1887), who held a chair of chemistry in the Academy of Medicine in Petrograd, and found time not merely to advance that science, but also to champion successfully the cause of medical education for women (more than forty years ago, in Russia, be it remembered!), and to write much splendid music, including the opera of *Prince Igor*, the dances in which delighted musicians of all schools at Drury Lane in the summer. In our own time, one of the most famous of chemists is Madame Curie (*née* Sklodowska), a Polish lady, who collaborated with her late husband in the discovery of radium, and who gave the name of her native land to the radio-active element polonium, which she isolated and defined now many years ago. But perhaps one should not include the work of Polish students in this survey, or there would be no logical reason for stopping short of Slavs generally, which would involve discussion of the real race of many famous Silesians, such as Mendel and Schubert. It is, however, legitimate to note that music, which is the most scientific of the arts, has been notably advanced, in its scientific structure and range, not only by the great Russian composers, but also by many great masters, such as Chopin, Schubert and Dvorak, to whom the Slav race of mankind may lay more or less successful claim.

But we may return to chemistry, there to find a veritable Russian, born in the same year as Borodin, and destined to live for ever in the history of his great science. Dmitri Ivanovitch Mendeleev (born at Tobolsk, Siberia, 1834, died at Petrograd, 1907) was one of the master-chemists of all time. Thanks to his amazing mother, whose seventeenth child he was, young Mendeleev went to Petrograd at the age of sixteen and almost at once was making original contributions to chemistry. In 1864 he became Professor of Chemistry in the University of Petrograd, and in 1869 appeared his *Principles of Chemistry*, which made an epoch in the science of matter. This book contained the statement of what is now known as Mendeleev's law, or the periodic law. This is one of the master-keys of knowledge, profoundly revealing the real nature of facts already known, and directly leading to the discovery of many more. It had long been observed that the elements can, to some extent, be arranged in groups which resemble one another. In 1863, the Englishman, John Newlands, hinted at the meaning of these facts. Mendeleev independently considered them, and showed that, when the elements are arranged in the order of their atomic weight, from lightest to heaviest, certain characters recur, in a periodic fashion. So true is this that the existence of certain elements, having certain atomic weights, and other characters, may be expected. In some instances the atomic weights previously asserted for certain elements did not agree with Mendeleev's predictions. They were re-examined, found inaccurate, and the real figures were found to correspond to prediction. Further, certain gaps in the list of known elements seemed to require tenants, according to the periodic law. Greatly daring, Mendeleev therefore predicted the discovery of three new elements, the atomic weights and other characters of which he actually defined. Within less than twenty years all three elements were duly discovered, in various countries, as may be inferred from their now well-known names, gallium, scandium, and germanium. These elements by no means filled all the gaps in the periodic table of the elements, and in quite recent years the most surprising confirmation of the justice of Mendeleev's views has been furnished by the discovery of the series of rare and inert atmospheric gases typified by argon. These elements and their properties fit perfectly into Mendeleev's scheme, which has, in fact, been for many years a divining rod in the hands of chemists. The nearest parallel, of course, to the accuracy and courage of Mendeleev's predictions is furnished by the discovery of Neptune, thanks to peculiarities in the movements of Uranus, which were capable of only one explanation if the law of gravitation be true.

It is evident that Mendeleev's law has a meaning which must interest us all, whether or not our special business in life be the determination of atomic weights. The periodic law must mean that the elements are not really elementary, but are, in fact, regularly constructed and varying compounds of "one element." We may conceive of all atoms as composed of arrangements of this one element, perhaps in rings, and may understand how, as the number and arrangement of the rings within the atom increases, there will be a periodic recurrence of modes of atomic balance and architecture already met—involving thus the intimate explanation of the familiar facts that, say, sodium and potassium, or fluorine, chlorine, bromine and iodine, resemble one another. In our own day and place Sir Joseph Thomson is showing how the unit of negative electricity, the so-called "electron," is the real atom of matter, and how the assertions of the periodic law have a material—or, rather, an electrical—basis therein. Mendeleev lived long enough to train two generations of Russian chemists, establishing a school and a tradition at which no "culture" on earth can sneer.

Of living Russians who lead the world in their own departments of international science, two only need be named. Elias Metchnikoff is, of course, only Russian as Ehrlich is a German or Bergson a Frenchman. Those who are familiar with his patriarchal face, and who note the name which we must not call "Christian," will realise that, like those great men, he belongs to the race for which a new dawn is now breaking, we hope and believe, in the land which he has long left. He was born at Kharkoff in 1845, and is now sub-director of the Pasteur Institute in Paris, thus establishing a Franco-

XUM

Russian alliance which has been already of immense service to mankind. His classical discovery of the functions of the white corpuscles of the blood involves a chapter of physiology too wonderful and fascinating for a passing note, and must await another occasion.

In Russia itself to-day the most distinguished scientific figure is that of Professor Ivan Pavlov, of the Imperial Academy of Sciences in Petrograd. Nearly all that we know of the physiology of gastric digestion we owe to him. The chemical side of the matter had been largely worked out by the Germans, but Pavlov showed that nervous control is behind the chemistry, and that the most intimate and efficient relations, of a telephonic kind, exist between the advanced senses in the mouth and nose, and the nerves which regulate the intensity, the time and the chemical character of the gastric secretions. No living physiologist anywhere can claim rank above this Russian veteran, to whom countless victims of dyspepsia are unknowingly indebted, all the world over. So much by way of showing that Slav science has an honourable past on which to base its surely glorious future. LENS.

Correspondence

ITALY AND TUNIS

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN.

SIR,—Your readers, and most of all those readers who "were in at the birth" of THE NEW STATESMAN, have indeed been indebted to your guidance of the journal for sane and shrewd articles on the war, its causes, its vicissitudes, and its consequences. The value of the articles is attested by the copiousness of quotation therefrom in the daily papers.

For this reason I desire to correct wrong impressions, misleading opinions contained in the work of one of your contributors who writes from Milan on the "Neutrality of Italy." Much of that article is an able setting forth of contemporary opinion in Italy on the great problem of whether Italy should or should not pass from a friendly neutrality towards the Powers of Western Europe to an attitude of direct hostility towards Austria and Germany. We are given to understand that Italy is indirectly bargaining for her intervention in the struggle, and that the price she asks from the Septuple Alliance and from France in particular, is the allotment to herself of the regency of Tunis after the war.

I can scarcely believe this suggestion emanates from the brains of responsible Italian statesmen. In any case it is inadmissible. Acquiescence in such a plan would be the admission of the seven Allied Powers that they were getting the worst of the conflict, and that France could only be rescued from a perilous position by the surrender of territory somewhere. On terms such as these the active alliance of Italy would not be worth having. I write thus frankly, because I have championed Italy's cause and Italy's aspirations in the East, in Tripoli, in the Mediterranean and in the Italian-populated portions of Austria for years, and also because I know Tunis intimately. As early as 1880 I was contributing my first articles to a newspaper, and describing the coming conflict between European ambitions in the regency of Tunis. I pointed out then—in the *Globe*, and later in the *Times*—how dangerous it would be to our free use of the Mediterranean if the Power that ruled Sicily also controlled the opposite promontory of Tunis, and invited my readers to come down off the fence in favour of France; since the Turco-Arab rule in Tunis was crumbling, since there was already an unworkable European "control" of France, Britain, and Italy.

France established her protectorate over Tunis in the following year—1881. She has achieved great things in this North African State, only less great than what we have done in Egypt. Tunis remains to this day a Muhammadan principality under a prince, nominally of Turkish descent, in reality of Arab—Berber stock. Are the feelings of two or more millions of Arabs and Berbers not to be considered after this war is over, or are we going to countenance the stupid treatment of "native" races by transferring them from one protector to another without regard for their feelings? France may have made mistakes in Algeria in earlier days, though modern Algeria is increasingly well and wisely governed. But France in Tunis (above all) and in Morocco has deserved well of the world's consideration. All this I expressed emphatically at different times in books and articles before this war seemed probable, and before we were allied with France in any way—even while the "Fashoda" crisis was going on (when I was Consul-General in Tunis).

Moreover, look at the map of North Africa. You will realise, then, that unless France is to evacuate Algeria and the Algerian hinterland, she cannot have any other European Power on her flanks in Tunis or in Morocco (the Spanish sphere in Morocco is so restricted in area that it hardly counts). Obviously, wherever Europe is engaged in introducing law and order among the backward peoples, she creates a spirit of reaction and lurking rebellion. We suffer from this in Egypt and elsewhere. Give a strong rival of the European controller a long land frontier adjoining the State which is being brought under control, and you open the door at once to the hope of rebellion and the means of interference and intrigue.

Italy could only have undertaken the occupation of the Tripolitaine (which, I doubt not, will some day be as beneficial to that desolate region as has been the French development of Algeria and Tunis) with assurances of the friendly neutrality of Great Britain and France. What she may fairly expect from both Powers in the readjustment of the political map of the world which will follow this war is an extension southwards and westwards of her Tripolitan sphere, in such a way that it may not end in the desert, but give Italy access to Central African markets and cotton-growing lands. She may also have her tenure of Rhodes and the Dodecanese regularised. As to other ambitions, she must now decide for herself if she cares to realise them, if she wishes the Trentino and Istria, the Dalmatian Islands (wherein still there lingers the most archaic and "Latin" of the Italian dialects) and the Valona circumscription, to become politically Italian as they are racially and linguistically. If her decision is in the affirmative, she can only obtain these additions from a defeated Germany and Austria: never from a victorious Dual Alliance and scarcely from a drawn and indecisive result to the present struggle in France and Belgium. But Italian journalists and politicians must dismiss Tunis from their thoughts. If and when Tunis leaves French control, if and when Egypt leaves British control it will be to enjoy complete independence.

Yours, etc.,
H. H. JOHNSTON

FRANCE AT WAR

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN.

SIR,—I would like to enter my protest against the tone of your Paris Correspondent's last article. Mr. R. E. D. objects to the formal closing of the Parliamentary Session; the thing had to be done sooner or later. A Chamber of Deputies, more than half of whom are under the Colours, cannot seriously be considered a normally representative body. The military authorities will not, I predict, arrest one single member of Parliament, because there is only one policy, and that has been forced upon us by circumstances, all other questions having fallen very far away into the background. It is just the same in England, the soil of which has not been invaded; and far from disagreeing, THE STATESMAN clearly disapproves of the attitude of Mr. MacDonald and the Independent Labour Party. Then why allow your Paris letter to breathe quite another spirit?

Mr. R. E. D. is pleased to insist upon political quarrels inside the Army. That very wild rumours have been set floating about General Percin is quite true, but not one, I believe, has been spread through the public Press. It was therefore rather difficult to deny in print what had not been printed. That General Joffre is a Republican is quite true, but do not be led into believing that General Joffre is a Radical of the Percin type; he more than anybody insisted upon the Three Years' system being adopted last year. And on the other hand, I have not seen that any Clerical paper which I have come across has ever printed a line against him; he is, I think, universally respected. General de Castelnau is a fierce Catholic, and as such has been abused for months in the Radical Press; not one paper on the Clerical side, however, has mentioned his name in connection with the war until a few days ago, when General Joffre had him promoted in the order of the Legion of Honour on account of his recent victory round Nancy; then only we learnt that he was commanding there. General Pau is, I dare say, a reactionary, but nobody hears what he may be doing. Only once have we heard of him, after his victory at Mulhouse; and why did we hear of him? Because Clemenceau and other parliamentarians happened to be eager for news, and the Ministry thought it wise to feed

them upon something. But for them nobody would have heard any more about General Pau than if he had not existed.

That the victory on the Marne has to a certain extent verified Jaurès' theories I do not deny, but to a certain extent only. If, while we were fighting on the Marne, all our fortresses on the eastern frontier had not been intact and kept by a large army, our position would have been far worse. If we had had only two classes under the Colours at the end of July we would have been bound either to mobilise before Germany did or to expect a fierce attack upon our eastern frontier before our mobilisation was completed. Why, asks Mr. R. E. D. could we not have fortified the northern towns? Well, it is, I believe, an open secret that Maubeuge has been fortified.

Mr. R. E. D. complains that the Socialist Party has not adopted M. Clemenceau's polemical methods, which merely proves that the Socialists are better citizens and have learned—which M. Clemenceau has not—the lessons of 1870. Finally, your correspondent complains that the Socialist Party has no policy "as to the end of the war." I confess that I have none. I want to see the soil of France and the soil of Belgium clear of all Germans. When that day has come it will be time to consider what remains to be done in order to secure peace. But I am afraid that the decision will rest far more with England than with France. Let Mr. R. E. D. discuss the question with the English Labour Party, not with the French Socialist Party; in fact, let him not discuss it at all. The day has not yet come.—Yours, etc.,

ELIE HALEVY.

[M. Halévy has apparently assumed that the disapproval we have expressed with reference to certain actions of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and the I.L.P. means that we deprecate all criticism of the Government during the present crisis. This is very far from being our attitude. We criticised Mr. MacDonald because he made—as we now gather, by inadvertence—a statement of fact which was not only exceedingly damaging to British credit but for which he had no evidence. We criticised the I.L.P. because it opposed recruiting without having the courage to advocate either of the only possible alternatives. We hold that the crisis imposes on every controversialist the duty of being scrupulously fair and very careful to avoid anything in the nature of a partisan presentation of the facts, but with that proviso we are in favour of the utmost freedom of discussion and criticism. We believe in the doctrine of the "united front," but only just in so far as it corresponds to reality.—ED. N.S.]

DEEDS, NOT WORDS

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN.

SIR,—Your correspondent, Mr. Desmond McCarthy, is perfectly correct, in the sketch of "How They Talk," in THE NEW STATESMAN of September 26th, when he puts into the mouth of the "silent man," the words "I do not suppose the Navy approved of the First Lord's as good as saying their enemies were cowardly rats."

We admire the First Lord for his ability and great devotion to duty, but in this particular instance, I hardly think that the Navy will agree with him, for the Navy, though most eager to try conclusions with their opponents, respect them as gallant foes, worthy of their steel, who for the present are retained by the German naval authorities in harbour.

In this supreme and grave crisis in which the Empire is engaged, great care should be taken by every one, including the Press, to avoid vauntful language. Our Navy has a most responsible and heavy burden to bear, for the safety of the Empire rests upon its shoulders, but we are sure that under God's blessing it will fulfil the expectations of the country to the very utmost. It is, however, a great, silent service, whose motto is "Deeds, not Words." Let us avoid, in the words of the Recessional, "all frantic boast and foolish word" in the great and righteous cause for which the Empire is fighting.—Yours, etc.,

ADMIRAL.

September 26th.

THE RELIEF OF DISTRESS

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN.

SIR,—In a previous letter I suggested that if a Local Relief Committee would not, or could not, give relief to a necessitous woman, some woman member of the Committee should accompany her to the Relieving Officer and the Board of Guardians. (NEW STATESMAN, September 12th, p. 686.) I quite agree with Mr. C. M. Lloyd that it is better that the Local Committee should relieve. But it is evident that many of the Local Committees frequently either refuse relief, or give it most inadequately. You, sir, state (page 724) that some of the scales of relief are far below Poor Law practice. This is confirmed as to one town by a letter of Mr. Arnold Bennett in the *Daily News*, and by a statement in the *Poor Law Officer's Journal*. In another provincial town I find the scale of relief for each child is 2s. a week, which seems hardly adequate. I think it would be an immense help if some woman connected with the Women's Co-operative Guild, the N.U.W.S.S., or some other woman's society, would also help her poorer sisters to apply to the Relief Committees. Some of them are evidently managed on C.O.S. principles. Then, if she failed, she could proceed to the Board of Guardians.—Yours, etc.,

J. THEODORE DODD.

THE BIG BATTALIONS

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN.

SIR,—The writer of the article "Thrice Is He Armed" in to-day's issue of THE NEW STATESMAN is doubtless right in supposing that, all else being equal, numbers are the determining factor in warfare. But the exceptions to this rule are numerous enough.

We need not dwell on Cortes and his Spaniards. That was a case of a disciplined few overcoming great undisciplined mobs. But in the following battles, won by the smaller army, discipline and equipment were in most respects equal:—

Dettingen: Allies, 37,000; French, 60,000.
Rosbach: Prussians, 22,000; Allies, 46,000.
Leuthen: Prussians, 30,000; Austrians, 80,000.
Rivoli: French, 18,000; Austrians, 28,000.
Auerstadt: French, 28,000; Prussians, 45,000.
Inkermann: Allies, 15,700; Russians, 68,000.
Fredericksburg: Confederates, 70,000; Federals, 120,000.
Chancellorsville: Confederates, 62,000; Federals, 130,000.
Cold Harbour: Confederates, 58,000; Federals, 110,000.
Noisseville: Germans, 52,000; French, 100,000.

One might guess from these figures that numbers cannot always prevail against superior moral or finer physical condition of men and horses.—Yours, etc.,

ARCHIBALD LEE.

16 Wedderburn Road,
Hampstead, N.W.
September 26th.

Miscellany

WILLIAM MORRIS*

HERE is a book that starts a dozen hares, any one of which would be worth catching or hunting, at any rate, through a couple of large-type columns. For a really good book about William Morris is bound to raise those questions that Morris made interesting and his disciples fashionable, and that our children, we may hope, will one day make vital. "How far can society affect art, or art society?" "What might we have made of machinery and what has machinery made of us?" "Was the nineteenth century a disaster or only a failure?" These are the questions that it seems right and natural for a writer who has made William Morris his peg to discuss; and if I discuss something quite different it may look as though, forsaking profitable hares, I were after a herring of my own trailing. Yet, reading this book, I find that the question that interests me most is: "Why does Clutton Brock tend to overrate William Morris?" To answer it I have had to discover what sort of person I suppose Clutton Brock to be, and William Morris to have been.

Clutton Brock is one of our best living critics. When I say this, of course I take into consideration his unsigned writings, the anonymity of which is not so strict as to make my judgment indiscreet. Without the subtlety of a philosopher or a trained dialectician, he has been blest with a peculiarly powerful and penetrating intellect which enables him, unlike most of our critics, not only to distinguish between sense and nonsense, but himself to refrain from saying what is utterly absurd. Mr. Brock

* *William Morris.* By A. Clutton Brock. Williams & Norgate. Home University Library. 1s. net.

does not like nonsense, and he never talks it. Both the form and the content of his criticism are intellectual. He is in the great English tradition—the tradition of Dryden and Johnson and Macaulay and Leslie Stephen; he has a vigorous argumentative prose-style and a strong distaste for highfaluting. Only, whereas the unenlightened intellectualism of Macaulay and Leslie Stephen and the incorrigible common sense of Johnson were forever pitching these eminent men into the slough of desperate absurdity, Mr. Brock, whose less powerful mind is sweetened by a sense of art, stands clear.

No man who has ever done anything worth doing has done less highfaluting than Morris. He was always the craftsman who kept close to his material, and thought more about the block and the chisel than about æsthetic ecstasy. The thrills and ecstasies of life, he seems to have felt, must come as by-products out of doing one's job as well as one could: they were not things, he thought, to aim at, or even talk about overmuch. I do not agree with Morris, but that is beside the point. The point is that Clutton Brock is unwilling to disagree with him violently. Clutton Brock is a man who works for his living, and does his work so extraordinarily well that we may be sure he wins from it a fine delight. The greater part of what he writes he does not sign; and there are thousands of people in England who, though they hardly know his name, have yet been profoundly affected by his mind. As he sits quietly producing a surprising quantity of good literature, he must sometimes feel very near those anonymous craftsmen of the Middle Ages who, lost in the scaffolding, struck out forms that would to-day make only too familiar the names of their creators. At such moments, can he be less than partial to the man who understood so well the greatness and the dignity of those nameless artists?

Morris was amongst the first to perceive that much of the greatest art has been produced anonymously and collectively. And we may be sure that Clutton Brock shares his dislike for that worship of names, that interest in catalogues and biographies, which amongst the collecting classes still does duty for æsthetic sensibility. Morris was indignant, as well he might be, when he heard the pictures of some famous artist—famous because he signed his name and left some record of his life—exalted above the sculpture and windows of Chartres—the work of obscure stone-cutters and verriers. He loved the mediæval craftsmen for the fineness of their work and for their personal modesty. He liked to think of men who could take their orders from a *contre-maître* and execute them superbly, partly, I think, because he saw that these were men who could be fitted into his ideal state. And Mr. Clutton Brock, good Socialist that he is, must, I suppose, himself have been perplexed by that problem which confronts every modern State-projector: What is to be done about the artists? How are these strange, turbulent, individualistic creatures to be fitted into any rational collectivism? What place can be found in Utopia for people who do not work to live, but live to do what they consider their own peculiar piece of work? Now, if only they were craftsmen, they would make what was wanted; they would do what they were told.

Some feeling of this sort may, I think, be at the back of Mr. Clutton Brock's peculiar sympathy with Morris; it would explain, too, why he did less than justice to Shelley in that remarkable study he published some years ago. He could not quite forgive the poet for being so hopelessly anti-social. Perhaps, in his heart, Mr. Brock would hardly admit the absolute value of æsthetic rapture; he wants art to do something for life, and he loses patience with people who simply add to its confusion. Shelley, he thought, made a mess of his own life and of Harriet's, and, for all one knows, of Miss Hitchener's, and of a score of others; and his poetry you must read for its own sake or not at all. The poetry of Morris has value for people who have never known what it is to feel an æsthetic emotion, and his life was superbly useful to his fellow men. The great State of the future will be glad of as many William Morrises as it can get.

But it is I who am being less than just now. From what I have said anyone might infer that I had not read, or had not appreciated, that volume called *The Defence of Guenevere and Other Poems*, in which are to be found things of pure beauty, *Summer Dawn*, *In Prison*, *The Wind*, *The Haystack in the Floods*; anyone might suppose that I did not know *Love is Enough*. These are the poems which, with *Sigurd*, give William Morris his place amongst the poets. Mr. Clutton Brock feels this surely enough, because he possesses, besides intellect, that other and rarer critical faculty, that spiritual tuning-fork by which a fine critic distinguishes between emotion and sentimentality, between rhetoric and rant. It is because Mr. Brock possesses this peculiar sensibility—part æsthetic, part ethical, and part intellectual, it seems—that he can be trusted to detect and dislike even the subtlest manifestations of that quality which most distinguishes Tennyson from Morris, Kipling from Walt Whitman, and the Bishop of London from Saint Francis. That is why I suppose Mr. Brock to be one of our best critics.

If there were anything fundamentally nasty about Morris Mr. Brock would not be inclined to overrate him. Mr. Brock pardons no unpardonable horrors: there are none to pardon. But he overrates or rather over-marks William Morris as a scrupulous but soft-hearted examiner might over-mark a sympathetic pupil. He never gives marks when the answer is wrong but he gives a great many when it is right: and he is a little blind to deficiencies. He does not make it clear that Morris, as an artist, was cursed with two of the three modern English vices, that he was provincial and amateurish. But he gives him full credit for not being goaded to futility by a sense of his own genius. Morris was provincial as the Pre-Raphaelites and Tennyson and Carlyle were provincial, as Swinburne and Whistler were not; his mind could rarely escape from the place and age in which it was formed; he looked at art and life, and at the future even, from the point of view of an Englishman and a Victorian; and when he tries to change his position we feel the Victorian labouring, more or less unsuccessfully, to get out of himself.

When I accuse him of being "amateurish" I do not use that vile word in contradistinction to "professional." In a sense all true artists must be amateurs; the professional view, the view that art is a hopeful and genteel way of earning one's living, is possible only to official portrait-painters and contractors for public monuments. When I say that Morris, like almost all our visual artists and too many of our modern writers, was amateurish, I mean that he was not serious enough about his art. He tended to regard art as a part of life instead of regarding life as a means to art. A long morning's work, an afternoon of fresh air, a quiet evening, and so to bed and fit next morning for another good spell of production; something of that sort, one fancies, was not unlike the ideal of William Morris. It is a craftsman's ideal; it is a good life for anyone but an artist; and it would be a good attitude towards art if art were not something altogether different from work. Alas! it is the English attitude. I never look at those Saxon manuscripts in the British Museum but I say to myself: "And didn't they go out and have a game of cricket after hours and work all the harder next day for their wholesome exercise!"

But from the fatal curse Morris was free; no man of

great ability was ever less conceited. You will not find in his work a trace of that tired pomposity which tells us that the great man is showing off, or of that empty pretentious singularity which betrays the vanity of the lonely British artist. Morris was never the self-conscious master calling on sun and moon to stand and watch him sign his name, neither was he the shy genius of the English hedge-rows sheltering his little talent from contemporary infection and the chill winds of criticism.

Morris was neither a great artist nor a great thinker, but he was a great man, and that, I suspect, is the chief reason why Mr. Brock loves him, and why none of the better sort can help liking him. He had that magnanimity which makes people take instinctively the right side. His reasons might be wrong, but he was in the right. There are people in history, and Morris is one of them, about whom we feel that if they were alive they would sympathise with whatever were the best and most pressing aspirations of the age. Morris would, of course, be as firm to-day as ever against plutocracy, but one feels sure that he would take his stand with those who are trying to win for themselves some kind of moral and intellectual as well as economic freedom. One feels sure he would be of that forlorn hope of civilisation that carries on a sporadic and ineffective war against officialism and militarism on the one hand, and puritanism and superstition on the other. One feels sure that, however little he might like new developments in art or thought, he would be against the people who tried to suppress them. One feels quite sure that he would never cease to believe that so long as society is imperfect it is the right and duty of individuals to experiment. The fact is, Morris was at once a practical craftsman and an idealist. In practical affairs and private prejudices he could be as truculent and wrong-headed as the rest of us; but he was always conscious of something much more important than practical affairs and private prejudices. He cared nothing for his own reputation and little for immediate success because he cared for something greater. For that he cared so much that he was able to forgive the quarrels and absurdities of the Hammersmith socialists and to laugh even at his own vehemence.

CLIVE BELL.

RICH DAYS

WELCOME to you rich Autumn days,
Ere comes the cold, leaf-picking wind;
When golden stooks are seen in fields,
All standing arm-in-arm entwined;
And gallons of sweet cider seen
On trees, in round balls red or green.

With mellow pears that cheat our teeth,
Which melt that tongues may suck them in;
With yellow damsons, blue-black plums,
Now sweet and soft from stone to skin;
And woodnuts rich, to make us go
Into the loneliest lanes we know.

W. H. DAVIES.

SOME JEWS *

IN contemporary French literature André Spire is an original and rather solitary figure. His boldly fashioned poems, very free in form, cannot be classified with the productions of any particular school. The man burns with a passion for independence which prevents him from repeating the thought of a group and of attuning his sensibility to the fashion of the day; he goes straight ahead, undisturbed by the fear of some day finding himself alone. The man in him cannot be distinguished from the artist; the poet who would desire to drink deep of the beauty of things and enjoy the goods of life is incessantly troubled by the laments and struggles of the world, and he cannot neglect them. The same passion for social justice which inspired the bitter and strained poems of the *Versets* compels him defend his fellow-Jews when they are unjustly attacked. Ten years ago he dedicated his satirical and eloquent *Poèmes Juifs* to "all those who live, fight, and have died for the recovery of Jewish dignity." And the other day he published with the *Mercure de France* a book of vigorous prose on "Some Jews."

The book contains three studies on three men, three Jews: the English Israel Zangwill, the Viennese Otto Weininger, the Frenchman James Darmesteter. They are three very different men, who have scarcely a thing in common but a common greatness or a common fire in the mind, and Spire studies this like an artist determined to paint accurately without ignoring the complexity of the real. But he sees in these three men, or in relation to these three men, surpassing their individual careers, the "Jewish question" in three of its successive phases. His book, moreover, is a protest against the insulting attacks which those of his blood have experienced; it is a defence, an act in the world of ideas.

James Darmesteter, a Lorraine Jew, a pupil of Renan, a savant of the species of the Max Müllers, the Eggers, the Bréals, is the French Jew of the second half of the last century. His ideal, like that of all his generation, is to plunge into and be assimilated by the nation; the generous Revolution has broken the barriers which separated the Jews from the Christians as it broke the privileges of caste and united the equal body of citizens in a common dream of fraternity. For him, as for his brethren, September 28th, 1791 (the date of the Emancipation of the Jews), is the end of the history of the Jewish people. There is no longer a Jewish nation: there is now only a Jewish faith. Hostilities between races and peoples belong to the dead past, and have no essential basis. Once the old family habits, the jargon, the regulations about food, have been suppressed, there will only remain "a single tolerant French people solely preoccupied with leading France along the purest, noblest, and justest paths."

But if Darmesteter desired the Jewish people to unite body and soul with the nation which had welcomed it, he believed that this people was the vessel of a thought which would not disappear with it, but would be incorporated in the French tradition, and, fertilised by that tradition, would fertilise it in its turn. The mingling would be all the more easy in that he saw a singular affinity between Jewish values and the French values rejuvenated by the French Revolution. The two great dogmas which from the days of the prophets have been the whole of Judaism, divine unity and Messianism—that is to say, unity of the law in the world and triumph of justice in humanity—what were they but "the two great dogmas which at the present day illuminate humanity advancing in the order of science and in the moral order, and which in the modern tongue are termed, the one unity of forces, the other belief in progress"? And in his fine book on *The Prophets of Israel* Darmesteter offers to his troubled age, to an apparently exhausted Catholicism, in exchange for what his people has received, that regenerative force which was held in reserve for the coming century by those old prophets "who had pinned

* *Quelques Juifs.* By André Spire. *Mercure de France.* 3f. 50c.

their hopes on man, on justice, on right, on peace, and had taught that, lacking ideals, the future would hang before us like a rag." And in his gentle soul he whom Gaston Paris called "Le Docteur Pacifique," the great dreamer and the great sage, before his death appealed to all parties to join in a common struggle against ignorance, misery, and vice.

On October 18th, 1894, Darmesteter died "the death of a child, as though in a dream." On October 23rd the *Libre Parole* announced the arrest of Captain Dreyfus. Already before this the anti-Semite struggle had commenced "against the intolerance of Jewish freemasons at first, and soon against all Jews." That struggle has never since ceased. Barrès and Maurras have succeeded Drumont. They denounce the Jews as disturbing elements in the French nationality, dividers of our unity, *fourriers*, domestic enemies, outposts of the foreigner; they are foreigners themselves camped upon the soil of France with the sole object of degrading her, robbing her, corrupting her, and triumphing in her exhaustion, and against them is demanded a strenuously intolerant legislation which will distinguish them from the true Frenchman, exclude them from the majority of employments, and reduce them to impotence. One can see that it is in a fit of gloomy indignation provoked by these attacks that Spire has written his book. As its motto he has chosen a sentence of Jurieu, spoken by the great Huguenot in the name of his brethren exiled by Louis XIV.: "Is it that all these efforts must be made to tear from our breasts these French hearts with which God and our birth have endowed us?" It may be that Spire exaggerates the practical importance of this anti-Semite frenzy which leaves the healthy body of the nation untouched. But the very fact that this hatred does not die down, and that the Jewish question still exists, is not this in itself a sign that generous minds have been cheated by their dreams, and that fusion was impossible? Spire at first seems driven (and it is a serious matter) to this conclusion of despair.

Was not this separation which persists in spite of everything, this impossibility for the Jew to cease to be a Jew, at the bottom of that tragic history of Otto Weininger, that young Israelite consumed by the passion for intellectual research, a precocious and perhaps even genial philosopher, who came into Christianity, not through ambition nor interest, but because the severe and virile beauty of the Kantian morality had seduced him and produced in him a disgust for his race? He denounced in that race a feminine, cowardly, contradictory, multiple genius, ignoring individuality, the male virtues, and the higher values of life, denying the soul, materialistic. He received baptism on the very day on which he sustained the philosophical thesis which embodied his new ideas. But he does not find that rest and happiness which he expected. The Christians are not what he had imagined them, and he is alone. He has dug an abyss between himself and the Jews, and the Christians do not accept him; they feel themselves different and instinctively defend themselves. "He remained for them all the little Jewish student whom one complimented upon his precocious intellect, whom one invited to take a friendly meal at the Brasserie, but to whom one did not open the door into the intimacy of the Christian home." His over-taxed mind grew distracted and hastened the overthrow of that soul which doubted of itself. He is mistaken in himself, he has been mistaken in others; there is nothing left to do but disappear. "So Otto Weininger, at the age of 23, stopped with a pistol shot the beatings of that Jewish heart that the Christian world had taught him to hate."

This doubtless was an exceptional case, but it typified many others. In some of his most moving pages Spire has narrated the drama of the Jewish child, thrust apart by his little Christian companions, who tries in vain to be like the others, but sees them all shrinking from him and retires into loneliness, feeling a stigma upon himself. Is it in vain that the Jews have sacrificed everything that distinguished them, and are they condemned never to be citizens like the others? Will the day never come when "to the misfortunes, the cares and anxieties which burden the shoulders of every French Jew because he is a Frenchman and man, there will cease to be added an additional weight—that of being 'a Jew'"? And must it be that even after having taken the great step and married Christian women they must find the anti-Jewish quarrel carried on against the family and their sons and their grandsons incessantly harassed and mocked by the constant reminder of their origin? Is it not time to proclaim the uselessness of this assimilation "which degrades without saving," and has not the time come to ask "if it would not be worthier for all our youth to dream of becoming proud Jews again rather than of remaining for all time doubtful citizens"?

Doctrines of hatred commonly result in producing the dangers that they pretend to denounce. It is no good looking for a possible solution in this cry of a wounded heart; the past cannot be effaced, and the Jews will never be able to return to the narrow enclosed life they led of old. Spire knows this well. He knows that "the French Jews are thoroughly French, and they cannot be anything else but Frenchmen, and it is when they find themselves among the Jews of Russia, or of Poland, or of Germany that they feel that they are amongst foreigners."

But there is a reasonable solution, and Spire indicates this solution in his study on Zangwill. The French literary public already know Zangwill through translations of several novels and of that masterpiece of clear and sorrowful emotion, *Chad-Gaya*. Spire analyses the acute, ironical, and tender observer of the dramas and comedies of the Ghetto, the distinguished and original artist sensitive to all beauty and able to comprehend even the beauties of Italian Catholicism. But he also shows us the propagandist. He tells us how the artist, stirred by the enormous misfortunes of his brethren massacred in Russia, persecuted elsewhere, thronging all the roads of exile, has refused to be faithless to his people and has become a man of action. He has been fired by the flame of Dr. Herzl, by his impressive plan for the salvation of the Jews, to make a nation again out of these miserable and persecuted Jews, and with that in view "to give it that material base, a territory, which is as necessary to men's souls as to their legs." The future will have to decide whether that land of refuge where the Jewish nation shall be reconstituted shall be in Palestine, as is desired by the Zionists who are haunted by the memory of Zion, or whether it shall be in any suitable place that offers in any part of the world as is suggested by Zangwill and his territorialist friends of the Ito. And this solution will be one also for the French Jews, for they will not cease to be disturbed, and the campaign against them will continue as long as swarms of fugitives go on streaming into our great towns with their peculiar customs and costumes, their dialect, their alien outlook, and their frequent ferocious lust for success. The customary philanthropy is powerless here; Spire beseeches the rich Jews no longer to smile at the dream of a Jewish kingdom, the only possible solution for their unfortunate brothers and for themselves. These people wish to blend with the nation which has welcomed them, and which is now their nation, "but there must be some place in some corner of the world, a land of refuge which will receive and maintain in a truly Jewish life those Jews who are persecuted by the rest of Europe, and who are proud of wishing to remain simply Jews."

Pierre Chavannes.

XUM

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

THE Cambridge University Press has in preparation a two-volume *History of American Literature*, edited by four American scholars, of whom the best known here are Professors Trent and Erskine, authors of the little book on the same subject in the Home University Library. The plan of the history, as outlined in the syllabus, is excellent, and if the book lives up to the plan and to the standard of its English companion, it will be the first really adequate work on the subject. The obvious temptation will be to magnify the importance of minor people. America in the nineteenth century—and the history of her literature must deal mainly with the nineteenth century—produced a fair number of writers of distinction—Irving, Bryant, Cooper, Poe, Emerson, Thoreau, Hawthorne, Longfellow, Whittier, Lowell, Holmes, Motley, Prescott, Whitman, Bret Harte, Mark Twain, Parkman, and William James. Some of these, as Poe, Emerson, Whitman, and Motley, are writers really great in their several spheres. What the historian, especially the American historian, is tempted to do is to exaggerate the importance of the others. In order to make his history a genuine history and not a very select Pantheon, he must give space to the lesser men who were representative figures in their day and exercised wide influence; and if he has to give them space he naturally feels inclined to exaggerate their merits. I notice, for example, that one of the chapters in the new history has for title "Cooper and His Successors." Now, Fenimore Cooper is a novelist who is still widely read by boys, and who, in his day, was widely read by everybody, not only in America and England, but on the Continent. You will still find the second-hand bookstalls on the Paris quais crowded with old French translations of him. In a history he ought to have a chapter as he was the outstanding figure in a generation's fiction; but the standards applied to his work should be the standards which would have been applied to him had he been English; and in a large history of English literature, I doubt if he would have been given more than a mildly laudatory paragraph.

* * *

Another chapter is announced on "Sidney Lanier and the New South." Here, again, in Lanier we have a writer who is historically interesting, but whose work, though individual, is only tolerably good at best, and then only in patches. And, again, there is to be a chapter on "Bayard Taylor, Aldrich, and the Lesser Verse-Writers and Dramatists." These also should be dealt with in order that people may know what has been going on in America; but Taylor was little more than the author of one of the best translations of *Faust*, and Aldrich is a writer whose reputation nobody in Europe has ever been able to understand. Americans frequently show a tendency to exaggerate the merits of their minor writers, and underestimate those of their major ones. They have, perhaps, by now found out Nathaniel P. Willis; but they still cling fondly to Bryant (who, although he wrote one of the finest blank verse passages in the language, was, on the whole, a dull old dog); yet they still have a "down" on Poe, they fail to appreciate the full significance of Whitman, and they rarely seem to recognise how very high Motley ranks among historians who have written in our tongue. These tendencies are evident not merely in odd places, but in official academic circles, in literary histories and in anthologies. I remember only last year acquiring the *Yale Book of American Verse*, a volume modelled on "Q's" English collection, and issued, as its title implies, by a Press with a considerable and growing reputation. In that volume the best American poets are swamped by the worst, Whitman is scarcely represented at all, and some of the finest American poems are excluded in favour of atrocities like *Home, Sweet Home* and *A Life on the Ocean Wave*.

* * *

I notice that one of the last chapters in the new history is to deal with the Short Story. This should be exceedingly interesting. It is universally agreed that the one form in which American writers in recent years have done well—I speak not of Booth Tarkington, but of men like Bierce and O. Henry—has been the short story. There has been a slump in American literature, and the best recent American writing has appeared in the magazines. Why this should be so I cannot explain any more than Karl Marx could have done, though possibly that great man might have produced some sort of formula.

* * *

The fact remains that literature, and poetry especially, is at present in a very poor state in America, and though there is a certain amount of bearable lyric, the people whom the Transatlantic literary journals have to pick out as persons deserving of respect are (I mention no names) uniformly second-rate. Some of these writers are mawkish, over-bookish and imitative; others are forcible-feeble and imitative. When and how the next great American writer or group of writers will appear is a subject of the intensest interest. One meets Englishmen who deny that America ever will have a great literature. Why, heaven only knows; unless there is some virtue in the European air that a family loses when it migrates across the ocean. Besides, such a view is untenable anyhow when one remembers what American writers have already done. Some Englishmen tend to think of the whole of the United States as a sort of glorified Chicago-New York, seething with Irish politicians and immigrant Jews, who spend their days on the rapid move between Stock Exchanges and pork factories, and their money on buying Baedekers for their peripatetic wives and daughters. People not only imagine that this is what America is like, but that it always will be like this; and the conception is naturally not easy to reconcile with hopes for great art.

* * *

In the Cambridge History special attention will be devoted to the manner in which the literatures of Europe and America have influenced each other. Naturally there is nothing near a balance, but American writers have directly influenced European ones more than most people would suspect at first sight. Poe was revered by a whole generation of Frenchmen, Baudelaire (who translated him) chief among them, and he was also, incidentally, the father of the European detective story. Even Longfellow had a brief tenure among French poets, and other eminent American writers down to Whitman—without whom, I imagine, such men as Edward Carpenter and Ch. Vildrac would have written very differently—and Henry James have left their marks in Europe.

* * *

A number of persons of both sexes have written to me concerning the expletive Australian National Anthem, of which one verse was recently printed here. They did not complain of it; they burned with anxiety to see the rest. It is much too long to reproduce in full here, so I have, at very great trouble to myself, sent the poor things copies.

SOLOMON EAGLE.

NEW NOVELS

Perch of the Devil. By GERTRUDE ATHERTON. Murray. 6s.

The Pride of Eve. By WARWICK DEEPING. Cassell. 6s.

The Way of the Lover. By ARABELLA KENEALY. Hurst & Blackett. 6s.

These three books (and most others) are occupied with the relations of the sexes. I do not doubt that Mrs. Atherton has, like Miss Kenealy and Mr. Deeping, her own views of the moral and psychological and physiological laws which govern those relations—but she is much less obtrusive about her own views. She presents them dramatically, objectively; the laws work themselves out in the facts. Also, of course, in every other part of her art she is far surer and more powerful. Her book is a good book; the other two books are not good books.

Nevertheless Mrs. Atherton does occasionally air her opinions to the detriment of her story. Her hero is one of those strong men with clean-cut faces who live for power, and (in fiction) get it. He is the least successful of her characters, and one quotation will suffice to show why. I am afraid it is rather a long one, but it states explicitly a view implicit in most of the world's most deplorable developments, and it has a sinister interest for that reason:

> When one contemplates the small army of men of great wealth in the world to-day, and, just behind, that auxiliary regiment endowed with the talent, the imagination, and the grim assurance necessary to magnetise the circulating riches of our planet; contemptuous of those hostile millions, whose brains so often are of unleavened dough, always devoid of talent, envious, hating, but sustained by the conceit which Nature stores in the largest of her reservoirs to pour into the vacancies of the minds of men; seldom hopeless, fooling themselves with dreams of a day when mere brute numbers shall prevail, and (human nature having been revolutionised by a miracle) all men shall be equal and content to remain equal; when one stands off and contemplates these two camps, the numerically weak composed of the forces of the mind, the other of the unelectrified yet formidable millions, it is impossible to deny not only the high courage and supernormal gifts of the little army of pirates, but that, barring the rapidly decreasing numbers of explorers in the waste places of the earth, in them alone is the last stronghold of the old adventurous spirit that has given the world its romance.
>
> The discontented, the inefficient, the moderately successful, the failures, see only remorseless greed in the great money makers. Their temper is too personal to permit them to recognise that here are the legitimate inheritors of the dashing heroes they enjoy in history, the bold and ruthless egos that throughout the ages have transformed savagery into civilisation, torpor into progress, in their pursuit of gold.

I do not want to criticise Mrs. Atherton's ethical teaching; the point, the artistic point, is that no one who thinks in that way could draw a vital or moving picture of Gregory Compton, with his mines at "Perch of the Devil" in Montana and his grim concentration and his aquiline features and his successful "deals." His friend Mark, a rather gross, rather good-natured man of business, is a more successful study. But their wives, Ida and Ora, are the triumphs—Ida the vain, shallow, vulgar, and immature, Ora the cultured, the poised, the self-conscious; Ida, who develops and learns, Ora who craves and goes astray. Both, of course, love Gregory, and Gregory, in brief intervals from mining and similar activities, loves each of them in turn.

All the setting is painted with the vividness one expects from Mrs. Atherton; the town-life in Butte (pronounced Bute) of Montana, no less than the trip to Europe. All the colours are bright, the movements have the rapidity of real life, the conversation is for the most part brilliantly, if painfully real. The elaborate detail is rendered with extraordinary energy. The greatest achievement of the book, however, is the convincingness of Ida. Never for a moment is her commonness slurred, yet it changes under our eyes; and in the final duel of will and plan between the two women, we recognise her victory as inevitable.

Mr. Warwick Deeping has a fluent pen, and takes himself mighty seriously. Hence, presumably, *The Pride of Eve*. Canterton, the hero, is a "big, placid, meditative creature," and a scientific gardener. His wife is sallow and ununderstanding, and feverishly energetic. So Canterton shows the essential nobility of his nature (we are given clearly to understand that his nature is essentially noble), by being rude to her. When she gives a party her guests steal some of the precious flowers he wants to sell for money. All the satire is as crude as that.

You see what is bound to happen. Eve arrives. She is sympathetic to the big and lonely Canterton. She paints flowers for him, and he falls in love with her. The situation is complicated by the fact that she falls in love with him. What he proposes does him every credit.

> "I have told you all that there is to tell. I want you to be the bigger part of my life—the inward part that not another soul knows."
>
> "Not even Lynette?"

You must understand that Lynette is Canterton's child (and incidentally she is the one charming and convincing person in the book). Eve's line, also, is highly creditable.

> "Let's be practical. Let's be cold, and sure of things. You want me to be a spiritual wife to you, and a spiritual mother to Lynette?"
>
> "Yes."
>
> "And you think you can live such a life?"
>
> "I know I can."

Eve, however, knows she can't. So she goes to London, and doesn't even give Canterton her address. She has the usual vicissitudes, and finally falls into the clutches of the militant suffragists, whose hysteria and whose sexual disabilities are exposed with all the noble ignorance and ineptitude of all the novelists of this type, who have ever taken themselves seriously since militant suffrage started. And as for militant methods—Mr. Deeping knows more about those than ever Miss Christabel Pankhurst knew.

There is an amazing young man, Mr. Lawrence Kentucky, who risks penal servitude in order (as far as I can understand) to have a flirtation with a Suffragette named Lizzie Straker. She has "a pinched frown set permanently between her eyebrows," and an "assertive chin." She is an "eloquent splutterer, a slim mercurial woman with prominent blue eyes and a lax mouth." She is further "a mass of ferocious prejudice," "a blind fanatic," "a polemical pamphlet on legs." She calls Mr. Kentucky "Galahad," but as he is ass enough to double the chance of penal servitude by bringing a chauffeur on his nocturnal adventures, I have no doubt he deserves it. And, of course, they plan to burn Canterton's property, and that is too much for Eve, who for all her pride "sneaks" (the schoolboy word is the only appropriate one). And it pays, to a certain extent; the "spiritual marriage" with Canterton comes off after all.

I have never been more astonished by any book than by *The Way of the Lover*. The first half of it is quite interesting in a mild way, with a grass-widow on a rest-cure, and a fascinating baronet to make love to her, and the mysterious tragedy in the background seems open to credible explanation. But as for the latter part, with its "scientific" theories of affinity and its dual personality and its incidents and its explanations, no language can describe it. You see, there is electricity, and to its positive side corresponds man, and to its negative woman, and to its positive, matter, and to its negative, mind; and to its positive, your right side, and to its negative, your left—but perhaps I haven't got it quite clear; anyway, it has something to do with sexual affinity, and also with woman's sphere. There are pages scattered throughout about what part women ought

to play in life, and what they oughtn't. The "misdirection of the Woman's Movement" has a lot to answer for, and so has lawn tennis.

The hero not only can hiss "Gad" between his teeth, but can mutter "Good" on a jubilant note. No wonder he is suspected of murdering his nephew, and cut by the county in consequence. And indeed he has a harsh side to his character. He catches quite a number of fish, and when rebuked, he says:

"Men are different. . . . We've got to be callous brutes for the ugly jobs we've got to do in life. The earth's half-wild still, and can't be tamed in white kid gloves. But women should cultivate the graces—if graces are not to die out altogether!"

Elsewhere Miss Kenealy tells us that "women delight in the superlative tense." And men, apparently, in the positive mood. But she is at her best in writing of children, and even apart from that, there are some charming and some interesting things in the book. GERALD GOULD.

CAMBRIDGE PHILOSOPHY

Our Knowledge of the External World as a Field for Scientific Method in Philosophy. By BERTRAND RUSSELL, M.A., F.R.S. Open Court Publishing Co. 7s. 6d. net.

This brilliant, lucid, amusing book, which, in spite of a few stiff passages, everyone can understand, should do much to clear up misconceptions as to the Cambridge school. Hitherto their work has been mainly negative and destructive, in the direction of removing metaphysical lumber. Mr. G. E. Moore and Mr. Russell, taking up again the British tradition where it had been left by Mill—the tradition of which the essence is not, as is commonly thought, empiricism, but simply the thinking out of more and more acute and sensible arguments—had knocked the bottom out of the idealistic systems. The Americans and M. Bergson profess to have done the same. The difference is instructive. The Franco-American way is to say: "Reason proves that the world is a spiritual self-differentiating unity. Away with reason then! Truth is what works." Their motto is "Back from reason to instinct." The Cambridge way is to prove that it is a colossal mistake to think that reasoning shows the world to be a spiritual unity. Mr. Russell did this by proving that the multiplication table is true. The connection is not obvious, yet it is simple. No mathematical proposition can be really proved until we have a purely logical definition of numbers. This definition was discovered by Gottlob Frege, and again independently by Mr. Russell eighteen years later—a circumstance which, both from its curiosity and its importance, will go down to history side by side with the conjunctions of Darwin and Wallace, of Adams and Leverrier. This discovery, combined with Georg Cantor's work on the theory of infinite numbers, made possible a final clearing up of the logical difficulties connected with infinity and continuity, and thus, as Mr. Russell showed in his *Principles of Mathematics*, had a momentous bearing on philosophy. Now, some ten years later, he paints this application with a broader and firmer touch, and in a way which, because it is stripped of technicalities, is far easier to follow. Put in a word, it is that all idealistic explanations of reality—explanations which condemn as illusory all this hurry-scurry scene of sensible appearances—rest on certain supposed contradictions in the notion of infinity, which modern logico-mathematical theory shows to be no contradictions at all. Hence the great systems, Kant and Hegel and all their later brood in these islands, have been definitely torpedoed. That was the first result of the application at Cambridge of the new logical method to philosophy. It showed that the schemes of the philosophers had no more basis in reason than the visions of the wildest mystics.

So far all was destructive. Mr. Russell now proceeds to construction. He first insists that the mystic's vision is not disproved; it may be true. But the point is that from the outset philosophy was, from the circumstances of its birth, unfairly biassed in favour of mysticism. Philosophy was the child of a monstrous union between mysticism and mathematics. Intoxicated by their mathematical triumphs, the Greeks embraced the magnificent ambition of justifying by argument their vision of reality. Hence the conflict in the heart of philosophy ever since; on the one hand exaggeration of what reasoning can do, on the other the pull of human hopes and desires. Out of this stress arose a logic, enshrined in the Aristotelian tradition, which is, as Mr. Russell puts it, "malicious" to the facts of sense. It forces Nature into a framework constructed in the interests of mysticism. The argument, leading the reader through a notoriously arid tract with a wit and skill that make him think it all oasis, is that the traditional logic, on which all philosophy has been more or less unconsciously based, cramps the mind by ruling out possible hypotheses in advance, and leads straight to the tidy, circumscribed universe of the Middle Ages or to the equally tidy, but vague and inhuman, static "block" universe of the idealists. We need a logic which shall give wings to thought, encouraging hypotheses, and enabling us to think of possibilities which otherwise could not even have been imagined; and this we get simply by recognising that there are, what the old logic had in its "malice" denied, such things as *relations*. The reality of relations is the centre of the whole matter. According to the old logic, all truths ascribe a quality to some reality. That is its fundamental perversion, and its most malicious, for it means that the report of common sense—the interrelatedness and the differences between the different things there seem to be in the world—has never been given a fair chance of defending itself.

The necessity of relations is proved by simple arguments which, since Mr. Russell first advanced them, have never been seriously met. Admit relations, and not only does all mathematics, which had been quite in the air before, follow with the utmost elegance, but the effect on philosophy is absolutely revolutionary. When we see that the fact of Smith's being taller than Jones not only need not but cannot be resolved into the ascription of a predicate to the Absolute, we make as new a start as, to quote Mr. Russell's example, physics did with Galileo. The central part of the book is a tentative instance of the results that may be expected from this new weapon. Mr. Russell constructs with the minimum of doubtful assumption (*e.g.* the existence of other people's minds) a world, expressed solely in terms of sensible qualities, which yet satisfies all the requirements of mathematics and physics. It is the ordinary world of common sense, of more or less vague and shifting objects, and yet it has all the precision of the physicist's scheme of points and particles and instants. It may be the real world, and at any rate there is no logical objection to it.

But whether it is the real world or not is of minor importance. What is important is the new spirit that the Cambridge school have brought into philosophy. Their work makes it more and more difficult to listen patiently to the amiable literary thinkers who argue that the universe must be of such and such a nature. Philosophy in future will attack its problems piecemeal and deal, like science, in probabilities which in fortunate cases will approximate to certainty. And, free from the incubus of the old logic, it will become scientific through logic, because, recognising that all genuine philosophical problems are perfectly general, it will leave questions of particular fact to the special sciences.

It will no longer be concerned with particular things and times and places, and, divorced at last from mundane preoccupations, it will become, what it has never really been before, "cold as a mountain in its star-pitched tent." And it will be infinitely more attractive to those who care disinterestedly about truth.

BOOKS OF THE COMING SEASON

I

THE volume of autumn books will be very much smaller than usual. The publishers differ among themselves as to the season's prospects and their lists vary greatly in their divergence from normal size. A few houses are going hardily forward with scores of new books, and some are issuing scarcely anything. In spite of the shrinkage, there still remain quite enough books to satisfy any but the most gluttonous bibliophagists, and in some classes of books the number of important volumes is quite up to average.

A few of the books mentioned below will have appeared before these lines. All the publishers' arrangements being subject to revision, it is probable that some of the books announced will not appear until the spring. But unless postponements are very numerous the body of interesting new critical literature will be large. *Notes on Novelists*, by Henry James (Dent, 8s. 6d. net), is a study of eminent novelis ts from Balzac onwards, and Mr. James could not conceivably treat such a subject without throwing a great deal of new light upon it. It is any odds on the author himself having written the publisher's preliminary note on the book, which says that "what mainly characterises the volume and makes for the special vividness it may claim, however, is its consisting so of appreciation in the analytic and the sympathetic spirit at once of a worker in the same field, who applies a method and a measure of inquiry and expression, a critical lamp, as it were, borrowed from his own practice of the complicated art." The late George Wyndham's collected *Essays in Romantic Literature* will be published by Macmillan with an introduction by Charles Whibley, an old literary colleague of a man who, in the opinion of many of his friends, gave up to politics what was meant for literature. Another posthumous work of great interest will be Theodore Watts-Dunton's *Poetry and the Renascence of Wonder* (Herbert Jenkins, 5s. net). Among the critical biographies two of the most important are translated from foreign authors. One is *Verhaeren* (Constable, 6s. net), by Stephan Zweig, one of the best living German critics; the other is Pierre Berger's study, *William Blake* (Chapman & Hall, 15s. net), which was described by Swinburne as "the last word on Blake," and is probably the best essay on his poetry and mysticism extant. Messrs. Greening are publishing (10s. 6d. net) *Baudelaire*, by that very versatile gentleman, Mr. Guy Thorne. We shall be curious to see this, as an adequate English study of Baudelaire is certainly wanting. The firms of Secker and Routledge & Kegan Paul are both adding to their series of critical studies of modern writers —published at 7s. 6d. net in both cases. Mr. Secker's new volumes are *Bernard Shaw*, by P. P. Howe; *Maurice Maeterlinck*, by Una Taylor; *R. L. S.*, by Frank Swinnerton; and *Robert Bridges*, by F. E. Brett Young. The last-named critic has most opportunity of saying something new, owing to the comparatively small amount of critical attention that the Poet Laureate's work has had. In the other series the volumes announced are *H. G. Wells*, by R. W. Talbot Cox; *Arnold Bennett*, by Professor J. R. Skemp; and *Anatole France*, by Geoffrey Cookson. Messrs. Constable are publishing (6s. net each) translations of Emile Faguet's *Flaubert* and *Balzac*, and other monographs include *Carducci*, by Orlo Williams (Constable, 1s. net); *Giordano Bruno*, by William Boulting (Routledge); and *A Life of Cervantes*, by Robinson Smith (Routledge, 2s. 6d. net). Among new literary histories will be *An Introduction to English Mediæval Literature*, by Prof. C. S. Baldwin (Longmans, 4s. 6d. net); *The Literature of the Egyptian People*, by E. A. Wallis Budge (Dent, 3s. 6d. net); and *The English Drama*, by Professor F. E. Schelling (Dent, 5s. net), a new volume in the "Channels of English Literature" series. To Mr. Secker's little shilling series on "The Art and Craft of Letters" are being added *Criticism*, by P. P. Howe; *Parody*, by Christopher Stone; *The Ballad*, by Frank Sidgwick; and *Punctuation*, by Filson Young.

New volumes of essays will include Havelock Ellis's *Impressions and Comments* (Constable, 6s. net); Filson Young's *New Leaves* (Secker, 5s. net); *Appearances*, by G. Lowes Dickinson (Dent, 4s. 6d. net); *The Influence of King Edward and other Essays*, by Lord Esher (Murray, 7s. 6d. net); and *Studies in Literature and History*, by the late Sir Alfred Lyall (Murray, 10s. 6d. net). The announcements of new poetry are few, though some of them are interesting. Messrs. Smith, Elder announce the seventh and final volume of Robert Bridges' *Works*, and Messrs. Macmillan *The Poetical Works* of Wilfrid Scawen Blunt. This edition, complete in two volumes, includes much that is at present out of print and 300 pages of new poems, mostly the work of recent years. It should do something to obtain Mr. Blunt's verse a wider recognition. A volume of *New Poems and Letters*, by R. and E. B. Browning, edited by Sir F. G. Kenyon, will be published at 5s. net by Smith, Elder. Mr. Thomas Hardy's new volume of poems, *Satires of Circumstance*, is announced by Messrs. Macmillan, and the same firm are publishing *Songs from the Clay*, by James Stephens. Mr. W. H. Davies is another of the "Georgian poets" who have a new volume announced—*The Bird of Paradise* (Methuen). Among printed plays we are to have Brieux' *Woman Alone*, *The Red Robe*, and *Faith* (Herbert Jenkins, 5s. net). The title Mrs. Bernard Shaw gave her version of the first of these when it was performed here has been altered; it is difficult to get an exact rendering of the apparently simple French title. Messrs. Cassell announce (2s. 6d. net) *The King of the Jews*, by K. P. This passion play, well known abroad, is by the Grand Duke Constantine of Russia, and the strength of the Russian ecclesiastical censorship is strikingly illustrated by the fact that this princely author has on one occasion had a play privately performed before the Tsar and then prohibited for public performance by the censor. Another new play is *The Riot Act* (Constable, 1s. and 1s. 6d.), by James Sexton, of the Dock Labourers' Union. This play, which is satirical at the expense of "the mob," was successfully performed at Liverpool early in the year.

The falling off of the number of books published is more noticeable in the department of fiction than in any other. If only the slump in the number of novels could be made permanent, neither publishers nor public would suffer; but competition entails great over-production and, so to speak, overlapping. No new novel—as far as we are aware—has yet been announced from Mr. Conrad, Mr. Belloc, Mr. Henry James, or Mr. Galsworthy. *The Wife of Sir Isaac Harman* (Macmillan), by H. G. Wells, will, however, be published this autumn. The novel is reputed to deal with the feminist movement, especially in its relation to marriage. Messrs. Constable will publish *When Thoughts Will Soar*, a posthumous novel by the late Baroness von Suttner, dealing —one need scarcely say—with international politics; and Messrs. Cassell are bringing out *The Wisdom of Father Brown*, by G. K. Chesterton, a series of episodes on the lines

of the previously recorded adventures of that perspicacious priest. Anne Douglas Sedgwick's *The Encounter* (Edward Arnold) is topical, as it is a study of the Nietzschean attitude of mind in Germany. Other autumn novels are *The Three Sisters*, by May Sinclair (Hutchinson); *Roding Rectory*, by Archibald Marshall (Stanley Paul); the second and final volume of Compton Mackenzie's *Sinister Street* (Martin Secker); *The Demi-Gods* (a tale about tinkers travelling with angels), by James Stephens (Macmillan); *Aladone*, by Henry Newbolt (Blackwood); *Spragge's Canyon*, by H. A. Vachell (Smith, Elder); *The Raft*, by Coningsby Dawson (Constable); *The Clergy House*, by Vincent Brown (Chapman & Hall); *The Witch*, by Mary Johnston (Constable); and *The Pastor's Wife*, by the author of *Elizabeth and Her German Garden* (Smith, Elder).

SHORTER NOTICES

Ancient Rome and Modern America: a Comparative Study of Morals and Manners. By GUGLIELMO FERRERO. Putnam's Sons. 8s. 6d. net.

This book by the eminent Italian historian contains a number of essays reprinted from *Hearst's Magazine*—published, their author admits, "for the perusal of the multitude of hasty readers who are content to skip from argument to argument"—descriptions of three Roman trials, and a lecture on sport. The author's descriptions of America are fine in parts, but the analogies drawn between it and Rome do not convey much to us. Comparisons between living and dead nations are deceptive things; we do not think Professor Ferrero's book has the depth of Sir C. P. Lucas's brilliant essay *Greater Rome and Greater Britain*.

Industrial Dublin since 1698; and the Silk Industry in Dublin. By J. J. WEBB. Maunsel. 2s. 6d. net.

Mr. Webb was awarded the Coyne Scholarship by the National University for the first of these essays, and selected the Dublin silk trade for his subject of investigation and second essay. The general description of Dublin industry since 1698 is no more than a useful summary. The second essay is likely to be of more permanent value. It is interesting to learn that in 1780 the Irish Parliament passed an Act for fixing the wages of the Dublin silk weavers in imitation of the British Spitalfields Act, but placed the actual jurisdiction in the hands of the Dublin Society, a body which had endeavoured to encourage local industry in various ways. Mr. Webb gives a useful description of the functions of the silk weavers' union at the present time. The union carries on the traditions of the guild in certain respects; for instance, the employers are formally members and on extraordinary occasions attend the meetings. It assists home workers to purchase their own looms.

The "Manchester Guardian" History of the War. Part I. Fortnightly, 6d. net.

This appears to us much the best of the numerous current chronicles of the war. The illustrations are excellent.

THE CITY

IN Stock Exchange circles the approaching end of the moratorium is viewed with some concern, although it is felt that before November 4th the Government will have made some arrangement as to loans on stocks, for if these were to be called in by the banks and other lending institutions nothing short of a disaster would occur. As it is, the close of the moratorium before the Stock Exchange is reopened will still hit some people hard, for what is a man to do who owes a few thousand pounds in excess of his balance at the bank, and who, in ordinary circumstances, if suddenly called upon to pay up, would have sold some of his investments? Just now it is not easy to sell investments, and, unless the banks are willing to lend freely on securities, people so circumstanced will find themselves in serious difficulties. On the first signs of improvement in business financial operations which were summarily suspended by the war will be carried out. One of the earliest will probably be the Covent Garden Estate, of which so much was heard a few months ago. The property sold by

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the Duke of Bedford has now passed into the hands of a Manchester group who are going to float a company with about a million capital, exclusive of Debenture Stock, and it is anticipated that the annual rental of the property, a share in which is to be offered to the public, is about £100,000. It is stated that, contrary to the practice hitherto obtaining on this estate, where there has been no fixity of tenure, leases will in future be granted—a change which has created satisfaction among the numerous firms situated in the Covent Garden district. The Opera House is not to be included in the scheme, that being now in the hands of Sir Joseph Beecham and friends.

* * *

As a result of the war, foreign telegrams and all cablegrams have to be sent in plain language, the use of codes being prohibited. In view of the circumstances, this regulation does not appear unreasonable, but it is hard to see why the use of registered cable addresses is also prohibited. To save cable charges it is customary for a firm or company to register with the Government or cable company a word which not only takes the place of the name and address of the person to whom the message is despatched, but also indicates to such person the name of the correspondent from whom the cablegram is received. Thus, while the ordinary telegraphic address of Smith, Robinson & Co. might be "Smirob," for all cablegrams exchanged between them and Brown, Jones & Co., of New York, they might register a special word "Smirobjo," and another special word for every other correspondent. Now, however, if Smith, Robinson & Co. wish to cable the word "agreed" to Brown, Jones & Co., instead of their message reading "Smirobjo agreed," as in peace times, and costing 2s., they have to cable "Brown, Jones & Co., 72 Broad Street, New York, agreed, Smith, Robinson & Co.," the authorities insisting upon full names being given; thus, the cost of this message, instead of 2s., would be 9s. This regulation is an act of great kindness to the cable companies, whom it may compensate in part for the enormous fall in the number of ordinary commercial messages; but it is unnecessary. The Postmaster-General has done something to reduce the heavy charge placed upon the commercial community by having to cable in plain language, for he has arranged with the Eastern Telegraph Company and its associated concerns, which control the cables between the United Kingdom and the East, South America and Australia, that cablegrams should be charged for on the basis of letters and not words, every ten letters counting as one word. This is a concession which is appreciated, but it has not yet been taken up by the other cable companies, and, in particular, those controlling the traffic between the United Kingdom and the United States and Canada, so that one method is adopted for computing the number of words in a message to North America, and another for a message to South America. Surely, this shows the need for the control, if not the ownership, of the cables by the Post Office.

* * *

In October the Argentine Railways, in which such vast amounts of British capital are invested, declare their dividends, and on this occasion even more interest than usual is taken in the distribution. The general idea is that most of the companies will pay 1 per cent. less than usual, and that the Buenos Ayres and Pacific will not pay anything on its Ordinary stock for the past financial year. It may be mentioned that a recent law provides that the railway year of all the Argentine Railway Companies should end June 30th. Advices from the Argentine show that during May, June and July the country had constant and excessive rainfall, which was seriously prejudicial to what promised to be a record maize crop. These rains, furthermore, made the roads so bad that only a small portion of the crop reached

the ports for shipment before the end of the financial year. Since then, the disturbance in Europe occasioned by the war has kept back exports still further. Not only have the railways lost traffic on this account, but they are also put to greater expense on account of the extra upkeep due to the rains and floods. Against this, however, must be set the fact that a large proportion of the traffic decreases during the past year is not traffic lost, but merely traffic deferred. General business in Argentine is, of course, very bad, as the financial stringency caused by the war has stopped much commercial activity. The country should, however, recover more rapidly than others, for it is a great producer of those commodities most needed in Europe, and in particular wheat, maize and meat, all of which are commanding much higher prices. As good lock-up purchases at present prices, the Ordinary stocks of the larger Argentine Railways, such as the Central Argentine at 90, Buenos Ayres Great Southern at 98, Buenos Ayres Western at 98, and Buenos Ayres and Pacific at 50 (this last being more speculative), should turn out well. The Central Argentine paid 6 per cent. last year, the Great Southern and the Western 7 per cent., and the Pacific 3 per cent.

* * *

The whole tendency of commercial legislation in the United States during the past year or two has been in the direction of giving the Government more control over the business interests. This is natural enough in a country where the market in most of the necessaries of life is dominated by trusts. Congress has now passed two Bills, known as the Federal Trade Commission Bill and the Clayton Omnibus Anti-Trust Bill, the terms of which are alarming to financial interests, for, in the words of the New York *Commercial and Financial Chronicle*, "they are founded on the proposition that this country has reached a state of business degeneracy where men can no longer be trusted to carry on industrial operations in accordance with ethical principles, but must be kept under the surveillance of the public authorities, and that it is necessary that a Government policeman should always be at the business man's elbow and instil fear into him." The principal objections to the new legislation appear to be that the Bills contain provisions "truckling to the labour vote," for labour and farmers' organisations are exempted from the provisions of the anti-trust law, so that we have here "class legislation of a peculiarly reprehensible kind." The Bills, we are informed, are "undemocratic and un-American." The first of the two Bills mentioned sets up a Federal machinery whereby the great industrial concerns of the country may be brought as much under Federal control as the railways have been brought under the control of the Interstate Commerce Commission. Small wonder that many of the big industries are protesting vigorously. They say that through Government regulation and control the railroads have been brought to a point where their income is no longer sufficient for their needs, where their credit has become impaired, where they find it impossible to obtain fresh capital for extensions and development, except at high rates of interest, and where they are forced to plead for their very existence. What these gentlemen forget to add, however, is that, under this Government regulation and control, investigations made have shown an amount of "graft" that has surprised even the American public, and to blame such Government control for the impaired credit of the railroads is impudent. President Wilson's administration seems to have the public with it. Collectivists will watch developments with interest, for it is their belief that Government control of monopolies breaks down sooner or later, and has to be replaced by direct operation on the part of the State, or what the French call "la Régie Directe."

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